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SIX LITTLE PRINCESSES, AND WHAT THEY TURNED INTO.



On a clear, frosty day of the twentieth winter of her life, the beautiful Queen Anitta sat in her sledge, enveloped in ermine, and inhaled the air with smiles of satisfaction. Before and behind her, a retinue of attendants made a brilliant parade of gay trappings and many-colored garments, which contrasted finely with the white snow over which they flew.

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The young Queen had almost every thing in the world to make her happy. The King gratified her every wish, as far as it was possible to do so; her people always received her with acclamations; when she was tired of living in one palace she could go to another. It follows then, as a natural consequence, that she was happy.

By no means. She had one wish that had never been gratified, and never would be; for whereas the King delighted in dogs and horses, her great pleasure was in little children, and of these she had none. Now it might seem, at first blush, that queens are the last persons in the world to possess such tastes. It is generally understood that they spend their lives, during the day, sitting on thrones, with golden crowns on their heads, which serve them at night as luxurious night-caps, and act as constant reminders that the heads that wear them are heads of no common sort. It is true we have the highest authority for the fact, that there once existed on earth a Queen who went into the kitchen, like other mortals, to eat bread and honey, while the King counted out his money in the parlor. But such queens are rare, and so is the Queen of our story, who actually fancied that even on the stately floors of palaces, the patter of little feet would be musical. In fact Queen Anitta was, and always had been, an exception to all rules. She had been known to jump into her carriage with a hop and a skip which sent her crown rolling nobody knows where; she had been seen to laugh, with a fresh girlish heartiness that made her governess turn pale; and once, but this fact

once published, had been suppressed by the King, she had snatched a gypsy-looking baby, with cheeks like two peaches, from its mother's arms, and actually kissed it! It is to be hoped and believed there are not many such queens on the face of the earth, for hearts are inconvenient things on state occasions, and the life of royalty is all state.

On this particular morning she was all smiles, for she had just completed negotiations with a poor woman, who, for the sake of getting rid of some trouble, and gaining some ease, had consented to give up to her a great fat baby, who was straightway to be made a prince.

On reaching home, the Queen sent a special message for her dearest friend, the Countess Reynosa, to whom she wished to display her new possession.

"The child is a perfect monster!" cried the Countess, the moment her eyes fell upon this huge mass of flesh. "In the first place, it is all body without a soul of the smallest conceivable style. In the second place, its heart, if it has any, is as hard as the nether mill-stone. How can it be otherwise, since it was born of a mother who was willing to sell her own flesh and blood for money?"

She who spake these sagacious words was not six feet high, as one might suppose, nor was her hair silvered by age. She was exactly one year older than the Queen, and so little, that if she had not been a woman, she would have been a humming-bird. Her eyes were like two stars, and saw almost as much; as to her penetration, it was almost supernatural.

To keep the baby after she had pronounced against it, was not to be thought of. The whole kingdom would have been up in arms at such an error. The creature was accordingly wrapped in one of the royal blankets, handed over to a royal page, and restored to its mother, who, as she was allowed to keep the price of her goods, and the goods into the bargain, was tolerably content with her share of the operation.

The Queen, however, sat pensively in a chair whose back was twelve feet high, her hands folded in her lap, and regretted that with so many excellent qualities, her dear friend, the Countess, possessed such sagacity.

"No doubt I should have awakened a soul in the child, in time!" she said. "And as for a heart! ah Reynosa, you do not know what it is to have one so empty as mine."

"Nonsense!" cried the Countess, whose bump of reverence was as hollow as a tea-cup, "as if

at your age you could instruct me on the subject of the human affections! It is not to babies in general I object, but to this infant in particular. Leave the matter to me. I will fill your heart, with a vengeance."

For answer the Queen jumped down from her seat of state, and looked and acted so much like common people that the Prime Minister had to be sent for to remind her that she was uncommon.

Meanwhile, the Countess, nibbling at a bit of straw, tossed her head and floated out of the palace and into her chariot, whether on wings or on her feet, it would be hard to say. In less than an hour she came back with a basket, which, with mock ceremony and profound salutations, she placed at the feet of the Queen.

"May it please your Majesty," said she, "here is a little baby—I entreat pardon—a babe, which I have the honor to present to your Majesty upon my bended knees."

The "babe" was a charming little creature, with a brown skin, under which the red blood could be seen as plainly as under the fairest; it had large, brown eyes, a pretty mouth, and dimples where other people have knuckles.

"This child has a heart," continued the Countess, resuming her usual gay tone, "for when I took it from its mother's arms, she gave three such terrific wails that I came near letting it fall to the floor. As for tears, the poor thing is wet with them still, as if it had been out in the rain."

"I cannot accept a child thus torn from its mother," said the Queen, shrinking back.

"Listen, before you decide!" cried the Countess. "The mother lay upon her death-bed. She but parted with her child a few days in advance. She is overwhelmed with gratitude that she can leave it in such hands."

Thus reassured, the Queen gave herself up to the enjoyment of her new acquisition, while she did not forget to send to the dying mother every solace her tender heart could conceive of. Nurses were at once sought, dainty garments replaced the coarse clothing of the child, and several apartments were made ready for its use. An hour sufficed to transform the unconscious little creature into a princess. Pure water, perfumes, white robes, a host of attendants: are not these advantages equal to royal blood?

It was necessary, however, to select names for the child. While the daughter of an obscure widow, one name had, it is true, sufficed. But here lies the distinction between plebeians and aristocrats. The one may be Polly or Sally. The

other must bear the titles of her ancestors, and stagger through life with their honors upon her. In this case there were of course no ancestors. Children born in poverty have only fathers and mothers. But what the baby lacked the Queen possessed, and she endowed it with all the best names of her own high-born race. But for everyday wear and tear, it was only the Princess Novella.

For some weeks the Queen was in raptures over her child; and its infantine graces, wherein it bid defiance to ministers of state, and all the principalities and powers on earth, afforded her infinite delight. Even the King felt some respect for a being who at so tender an age ventured to yawn while he was addressing it, and to seize his nose in its hands and pull his hair without the smallest compunction. He began to flatter himself that such royal airs denoted royal blood, and it was not long before he almost forgot its plebeian origin.

Now every body knows that the gratification of one want does not preclude the uprising of another. The human soul is hydra-headed; what you crop off here will sprout out there. Consequently the Queen began to say to herself that a princess was next to no princess at all, and that one more, at least, would be necessary to complete her felicity.

When the Countess Reynosa heard this piece of news, she shook her sagacious little head and said, —

"Yes, yes, I thought so!"

Indeed, it was quite impossible that any thing under the sun should happen, of which she had not thought.

"This time I suppose it must be a prince!" she said to the Queen.

But the Queen declared that, young and inexperienced as she was, she could not venture on the fearful responsibility of undertaking the charge of boys.

"But what does the King say?" asked the Countess.

"The King, alas, is so absorbed in his horses, his dogs, and his hunts, that he leaves all domestic arrangements to me. If I choose to adopt as many princesses as he possesses four-footed favorites, he will not thwart me."

The Countess shook her head again. But what this shake portended she would not explain. Only it was not long before she brought to the palace a man who looked frightened out of his wits, and who had something in his hand tied up in a large red cotton handkerchief.

In his terror at the idea of speaking face to face with a live queen, he gave her to understand a number of impossible things, the most important being the fact that this handkerchief contained an infant who not only possessed no parents, but never had had any, and was now left destitute and forlorn to his care, he being its uncle in a remote way.

The Queen received the gift with as much delight as if it were the only baby on earth. The process of turning it into a princess of the blood royal was gone through with, and in a few hours there slumbered by the side of her dusky sister, a fair-haired, pale little maiden, whom every body treated with respect, and called the Princess Mossella.

To make a long story short, the Queen took such pleasure in her children that she could not rest satisfied with only two. In a very short space of time the Countess Reynosa had ransacked the kingdom to such purpose that six little cradles rocked gallantly in as many royal nurseries. Dark haired and light haired, blue eyed and black eyed, there they were, and, for all they knew or cared, had a king for their father and a queen for their mother.

They all bore the same marks of royalty in a supreme disregard of place and position; every one of the six took its turn at discomfiting the prime minister and routing the secretary of state; and there was not one who thought the King made for any earthly purpose but to pick up their toys as fast as they threw them down.

When the Queen had made all the dainty fingers in the land embroider garments sufficiently costly and beautiful for the purpose, she resolved to have a grand christening, and display her daughters to the court. Of course the christening is a mere ceremony; admiring six beautiful infants in six robes such as the sun never before shone on, is quite another affair.

All the nobles and grantees were invited to witness this remarkable sight. The whole kingdom was in commotion. The men put on their court garments, and the women exhausted themselves in inventing new dresses. Some of the ladies had to have their hair dressed a week beforehand, and it is to be presumed did not go to bed during that period; silks and satins, and lace and diamonds, formed the staple of conversation, and filled all the heads and hands that were not already full. One would need to write a whole book if one would describe the crush and the rush, the wear and the tear, the destruction and the ruin. The end of it all was ten extra "Court

Journals," and six Princesses, each with more names than it had fingers and toes. Somehow, in spite of the splendor of the scene, the display of jewels, and the destruction of robes, the young creatures got actually christened, and were borne away in triumph to their own domains.

As to the presents laid at their unconscious feet, and which they all received with that sublime indifference peculiar to high breeding, time would fail to enumerate the tithe of them. It is only on those who already possess every thing that costly gifts are lavished. What should poor people do with such things!

The Countess Reynosa alone, of all the friends of the King and Queen, presented the royal infants with no gift whatever. One shake of her sagacious head answered the purpose, and explained this omission. Ah! what a thing it is to have a reputation! The only difficulty is when one possesses without deserving it. Then indeed one has to float one banner in public, and fight under another in secret. For instance, when one has the credit of being amiable, can one box every body's ears when one is out of humor with every body?

E. P.

[To be continued.]

### A DAY WITH THE ROSE FAMILY.

THE chief superintendent at the Burton Harbor mines took a great liking to Briggs Cloud, the new book-keeper from Boston. Briggs was so active, so wide-awake, so energetic, that Mr. Joy found he could put the young man to good uses outside the office, and this fact helped Briggs greatly in becoming thoroughly acquainted with his surroundings. One day in August the new book-keeper was told that he was wanted to go to Marquette, to attend to certain business there. So Briggs got ready, and when the next steamboat came along, which was about six o'clock that evening, he went on board. The steamboat was thronged with passengers, — mostly ladies and gentlemen from the East, on a pleasure tour around Lake Superior, — and the scene was a very lively one. The boat lay at the wharf about two hours, taking on a quantity of copper, which she was going to carry to Cleveland. As Briggs sat on the deck, watching the busy scene, he was accosted by a gentleman who sat near him, smoking a cigar. He offered Briggs one, but it was declined respectfully.

"Ah, you don't smoke?" said the gentleman, who had a round red face and a white head of very thick hair, and seemed to be a very pleasant old fellow. "Well, it's a bad habit, and I'm glad you don't smoke. Most boys of your age think it's smart to smoke. But perhaps you don't consider yourself a boy — that's another smart peculiarity of this rising generation."

"Oh yes, sir, I'm a boy, without any doubt, and I intend to be a boy till I'm twenty-one, at least, and as much longer as I can."

"Good again. Be a boy in heart, and a man

in all manliness — that's the talk. I'm nothing but an old boy myself — a jolly old boy."

Briggs laughed quite frankly at this, and drew his chair nearer to the cheerful old boy.

"You've been laying off here, I suppose?" said Mr. Rose — for that was his name, as he afterward told Briggs. "I have n't seen you on the boat before."

"I live here," said Briggs.

"Oh! Live here, do you? Folks live here?"

"No, sir. My relations all live in Boston."

"Boston? I live in Boston. What do you do here?"

"I am employed in a mining office. My uncle, Mr. Sawin, sent me up here."

"What, Silas Sawin?"

"Yes, sir. Do you know him?"

"Know him! Why, we went to school together when we were boys. So you're his nephew? And you actually live away up here out of the world? Well, well!"

Of course after that the acquaintance got upon a very cordial footing. Mr. Rose asked Briggs about the mines and the country, and they sat there conversing till the copper was all loaded, and the boat moved away.

At the supper-table, Mr. Rose got Briggs a seat near himself, and introduced his young friend to his wife and daughters — the latter, two very pleasant girls, fourteen and sixteen years old, between whom and Briggs an intimacy was immediately "struck up," as they say out West.

Mr. Rose laughed good-naturedly at his daughters, pretending to scold them for taking away his young friend from him.



"Why, he's full of information about this country," said the old boy, "and I wanted to pump him for two hours yet."

But the girls would not give him up. There was going to be dancing in a few minutes, they said, and they had use for him! So the supper-tables, as soon as they were cleared, were taken up by the negro waiters and piled together at one end of the long dining-saloon, and then a band of German musicians began to play, and the dancing commenced. For a couple of hours the mirth continued, the young people dancing and the elder people looking on and chatting.

There was a young man who played a guitar, sang songs, and "called off" the figures of the dances, all at once. For instance, here is one of the verses he sang in accompaniment to the music of a quadrille:—

"Down in Alabama State,  
Where our old hut did stand,  
A wife and little family  
Composed our happy RIGHT AND LEFT FOUR!  
Good-by, good-by, Linda love,  
Linda fare you well;  
Ole Massa says I'm getting old,  
This darkey he must BALANCE FOUR!"

The effect of this was very amusing, and Briggs, with his quick memory, picked up the words of the song, and afterward amused his friends occasionally by singing them in a merry tone.

About eleven o'clock the party broke up, and all went to bed in their state-rooms. In the morning, when they awoke, the boat was lying at her dock at Marquette.

Briggs was much pleased to find that the Rose family were going to stop a short time at Marquette; and they all went to a hotel together. There they learned that there was going to be a picnic excursion to Munising that day. Mr. Rose at once resolved to go, for the opportunity was too good to be lost.

"Can't you go with us, Briggs?" he asked.

"I don't know, sir," was the reply. "If I get my business done in time, I will."

"Well, hurry up then," said Mr. Rose; and Briggs immediately went up into the village to do what he had to do.

Fortunately, he found the parties at home with whom he had business, and succeeded in getting all through with it before ten o'clock, at which time the excursion-boat was advertised to start. He returned to the hotel, and found the Rose family just preparing to go down to the dock where the excursion-boat lay, and joining them, they all went down together. There had

been such a deep fog over the lake in the earlier part of the morning that some doubts had been expressed as to the safety of the proposed excursion. Fogs of this kind are common along the south shore of Lake Superior when a northwest wind is blowing, and they are so dense that they cover the whole scene as with a mantle. But suddenly they will lift, as if by magic, and float away skyward. That was the case on this occasion.

As our friends sat on the deck of the small steamer, which was paddling steadily away from the village out into the broad green lake, they looked admiringly upon the fog-clouds that lingered along the mountain-sides. A strong, cool breeze was blowing, but the water of the great lake was as smooth as that of a pond among surrounding hills.

Over the lake they rode merrily, admiring the beautiful stretch of its dark waters, and about noon a basket of lunch was unpacked, that Mr. Rose had caused to be sent down to the boat from the hotel. Sandwiches, biscuits, cold salmon, and sweet-cakes vanished before the healthy appetites of our friends, as they clustered upon the upper-deck, in the shadow of the wheel-house. And when the repast was ended, they found themselves drawing near to Grand Island.

"Is that where the hermit lives?" asked Briggs of the captain, pointing to a plain white house that stood near the shore, on the island.

"You may be sure it is," said the captain, laughingly, "for there is not another house on the island."

"Oh a hermit!" cried Kate Rose, overhearing; "how splendid! What does he do?"

Briggs then told his friends what he had learned about the Grand Island hermit.

"He is an old man of about seventy years, who lives all alone on this large island, which is ten miles long and five miles wide, and is covered completely with deep, dark forests. That spot there where his house stands, is the only cleared land on the whole island. When I say that he is alone, I mean that there are no other white people on the island. There are a great many Chippewa Indians about him, and if you look sharp you can see two or three of their wigwams not far from his house."

"Is n't he afraid of them?" asked Nellie.

"No, he has no cause to be afraid of them. The Indians are not dangerous nowadays, in this part of the country. They are savage enough in their habits, but they are afraid of the white men who have built up towns so near them. As for the hermit, it is said they are very much at-

tached to him. He buys their furs of them, and sells them pork, groceries, and such things."

"Why, where does he get them?"

"Oh, he goes to Marquette after them, twice in every year. All the rest of the year he lives entirely alone, and never sees any white people but those who visit him once in a great while, out of curiosity."

"What does he have such a large house for?" asked Nellie; "that is, it is n't such a very large house, but I thought hermits lived in one room, and in a cave almost always."

"But he had a family once," explained Briggs. "They are all dead now, though, and he is left alone."

"I should think he would be dreadfully lonesome," said Kate, with a sigh of sympathy.

"So should I," said Briggs; "but he has a very handsome library in his house, they say, and sometimes he sends Indians over to Marquette in their canoes, to bring him newspapers to read. He is said to be very wise, and I suppose he has read a great deal."

They had soon passed the island, and presently the boat stopped at a dock that was built some distance out in the water, detached from the land. It was a clumsy dock, and not a large one, but the crowd of excursionists hurried out upon it, with laughter and shouts. How were they to get to the shore? The water was too shallow for the steamboat to go in, and too deep to be waded through, to say nothing of wet feet. But the question was answered by the splash of a yawl-boat which was let down into the water from the steamer. At the same time, a heavy "pung" was seen pushing out from the shore, with two men in it. As they drew near, it appeared that one of the men was an Indian—a chunky, bronze-faced savage with an ugly scowl, but who proved to be quite harmless. These boats made several trips to and fro between the steamboat and the shore, until all the picnickers were landed safely.

The Rose family and Briggs Cloud were in the very first boat that went ashore. They walked up to a seedy-looking tavern, and found a man standing in the door in his shirt-sleeves, and staring with his mouth open. He was the landlord of the hotel, and was evidently very much astonished to see so many people. He did not have a customer once a month, and how in the world he kept his tavern agoing nobody could imagine. There were only five other buildings in the village, and the grass grew thick and rank in the streets everywhere.

"What a lonesome place!" cried Nellie.

"Who ever started this town, out here in the wilderness?" inquired Mr. Rose of the tavern-keeper.

The tavern-keeper said he did n't know, he was sure, with a look of hopeless wonderment; the question had never occurred to him before.

"Well, can you direct us to the Falls?"

"Oh, the Falls!" cried the tavern-keeper, as if light were breaking in upon him all at once. "You've come to see the Falls, hey? Well, you follow this street right up till you come to Broadway,—you'll know it by a double blaze on a big beech-tree,—and then you turn off, and follow it right along, and you'll come to the Falls by and by."

So they started on.

"The idea of a Broadway in this forest!" said Mr. Rose, as they climbed a fence—ladies and all—and walked along a rude path lined with raspberry bushes, picking and eating as they walked.

"This street is called Front Street on the map of Munising," said Briggs, with a laugh. "I saw a map of the place once, all laid out in streets and avenues. They calculated this for a great city, sir, but it has never grown at all. They spent over three hundred thousand dollars on it, and then abandoned it in disgust."

After they had walked on a short distance, Mr. Rose said,—

"The woods grow wilder and wilder the further we get. There seems to be no indication of the way at all. We'll sit down here somewhere, and wait till somebody comes along who knows the way."

They sat down upon the clean grass, and ate raspberries off the bushes till another party from the steamboat came up, shouting and laughing in the wild freedom of the untamed forest. The new-comers leading the way, our friends fell in line behind them, and plunged deeper into the wood. The path was quite obliterated in some places, and it twisted about in the most perplexing way. The ladies gathered their outer skirts around their waists, and the whole party went plunging along, over fallen logs, and around stumps, and across bogs into which their feet sank ankle-deep, and through brambles so thick that the foremost had to tear a way with their hands for the after-comers.

At last they entered a deep, gloomy gorge, where the dark stony walls towered high overhead, almost shutting out the daylight, and proceeded along the slippery banks of a little brook that sang a feeble song along the bottom of the

gorge. They crossed and recrossed the brook repeatedly in order to progress, — on mossy logs, or over stepping-stones, — and at length stood in the presence of the wonderful Munising Falls.

In order to appreciate the sight they now looked upon, you must imagine yourself in a great amphitheatre, whose walls are rugged precipices that tower up a hundred feet high over your head, and are thickly overgrown with bushes and trees. On their top is a dense forest, and the trees grow so thick, and lean over so much, that they almost shut out the sky. Now at one point — the head of the gorge — there comes leaping over the precipice a long, shining band of water, so small that it breaks into spray where it strikes the bottom of the gorge. The gorge itself is dark and damp, and cool as a cave, but the light of the sun falls upon the leaping cascade, till it sparkles like a shower of diamonds. Our friends stood in mute admiration of this singular waterfall for a few minutes; and then Briggs said, —

"I'm going around behind it."

He started on a run up the side of a sort of terrace on which the cascade fell, and in a few minutes stood behind it and beneath it, gazing up at where it leaped over his head. Then he hallooed to the Rose family to come up, and though they could not hear what he said, they saw his beckoning gesture. So they all climbed up the path Briggs had taken, and found themselves standing on a broad shelf of rock, over which the jutting cliff hung in such a way that it seemed like a stone roof as they looked up at it.

It was not long before the rest of the picnickers came straggling into the gorge in couples and squads, a merry and noisy party; and they all came up behind the Falls and stood on the broad shelf, until there were fully a hundred people on it; and still there was room for many more. Every body was in raptures at the beauty of the cascade, and made all sorts of comments on it.

"Wouldn't it be a delightful thing to have a wedding here?" cried Nellie Rose.

"Very romantic," said Mrs. Rose.

"All get wet," said Mr. Rose.

"Your bridal veil would be thrown into the shade by *this* one," said Briggs, pointing at the Fall — which looked very much indeed like a gauzy veil, to a fanciful mind. Others of the party tossed sticks and stones up into the cascade, to see how quickly they were swept down again. One young man, bolder than the rest, raised an umbrella that he had brought with him, and walked out directly under the cascade. It looked so fleecy that he did not expect to be knocked down by it; but water falling from such a height

has great power, and away he went, his umbrella flying out of his hands, and himself sprawling very ungracefully down the slippery rocks. Briggs hurried down to the unfortunate youth by the pathway, and found him half-choked, and as wet as a drowned rat, but not seriously hurt. The Rose family followed Briggs down to the bottom of the gorge.

"Oh, what a pity we can't get up yonder," said Kate, pointing to the top of the gorge, "so that we could look down at the Falls."

"We could, by taking a long walk around," said the captain of the steamboat, who stood near, "but we have n't time for that."

"Why not climb up?" said Briggs, laughingly; for such a feat seemed quite impossible.

"Oh, you *can't* do it," said Nellie Rose; "you can't — you can't!"

She was so much in earnest about it that Briggs began to survey the precipice more carefully, to see whether it might not be possible; for Briggs was one of those genuine boys who have a great dislike to that word *can't*.

"I'm going to try, at least," he said, after a moment; and off he started.

He climbed up about twenty feet with comparative ease. Then he found that his further progress was interrupted by a perpendicular rock, about ten feet high. He looked up. There was a small tree, growing out of a crevice in the rock, just out of reach of his uplifted hand. He jumped at it — very carefully, for if he should slip he would get an awkward tumble down to where he had started from — and at the third jump caught it, and clung; drew himself up, and so by the aid of twigs and projecting bits of rock, got up some thirty feet higher. He was now only about fifteen feet from the top of the precipice, but the way was more difficult than ever. There was a sapling to which he must trust the whole weight of his body; if that sapling should break, the fall would probably kill him; but he risked it — for it seemed too bad to have to "back out" when he was so nearly up. No boy likes to "back out" after he has undertaken a difficult feat. So he trusted to the sapling; it swayed heavily beneath him, but did not break; and then with a series of convulsive efforts — grappling branches, elctching crevices in the rock — he reached the summit of the precipice, hot, covered with moss and dirt, very much fatigued, but full of excitement, and sent forth a shrill halloo of triumph.

They could not hear him, down in the gorge; nor could they see him; he had disappeared from sight and sound, and they watched with breath-

less interest for his reappearance. Suddenly there came an evidence of his presence up there, in the shape of a dead log that came tumbling down in the sparkling sheet of the cascade. Briggs had found his way to the head of the Fall, and discovered it to be nothing but a little brook, about four feet wide. The growth of the forest was so dense, quite to the verge of the precipice, that he dared to lean over and look down, but he could see nothing in the dark gorge. So he drew a dead log to the head of the Fall, and pushed it over, knowing that it would not fall upon any body, unless some other young man with an umbrella should venture into the cascade, which was far from likely after the illustration that had been given. He descended the precipice by the way he ascended, — sliding, jumping, swinging by trees and bushes from shelf to shelf, — and reached his friends below in safety, though not without traces of the journey on his clothes.

"It's all clean dirt, anyhow," he said with a laugh.

In about an hour more, the party had returned to the steambot, thoroughly tired out — especially the ladies — but full of enthusiasm over the beauties of those wonderful Falls. There is not a more picturesque cascade in the whole world, but

it is so difficult of access that very few people have ever seen it. On the homeward way, the steamer ran very near to the shore, so that the excursionists could see the celebrated Pictured Rocks. But so much has been written about them that I will not say anything regarding them here — except that our friends were very much delighted with what they saw.

It was late in the evening when they reached Marquette again, and Briggs had to return home by a boat that left for Burton Harbor at midnight. So he bade his friends good-by, and they parted, with cordial hand-shakings, and many expressions of the hope that they should meet again. The last words Briggs heard were these, in the hearty tones of good Mr. Rose: —

"Good-by, lad. I'll tell your Uncle Silas I saw you. And when you write to him you may let him know that you met the old boy up here."

Briggs sat up quite late, sitting on deck and looking out upon the beautiful picture made by the watching stars and the far-stretching waters of the dark, deep lake in the silent night. But at last he went to his state-room and to bed, but he did not sleep till he had breathed a simple prayer for the happiness and welfare of the Rose family.

WILLIAM WIRT SIKES.

### A BED ON A WHALE.



HE *King Harold*, an English whaler, was cruising off the King's Mill group, some way up the line, for spermaceti whales, with the intention of passing the winter months there, and with the beginning of spring going northward to fish for the true whale. In vain, however, had they cruised for months, and crossed and recrossed the best waters for this fin. The look-outs in the crow's-nests, who were kept there the whole day to watch for a rising fin, remained dumb, and if a cry was heard now and then, no one longer believed in it. Such signals had generally resulted in a worthless finback, or a school of brownfish, which they did not care to kill. The sun shone down on the deck, which was exposed to its full glow, and the ship so quiet and clean, with its reefed sails, looked as if it were making an excursion here on a pleasant, but rather lazy, Sunday afternoon, and had no other object in view.

In such cases, the crew had naturally their work cut out for them, — sails must be mended; the rigging, standing and running, must be looked



after; the irons and lances for the capture of fish must not rust; the cooper, too, has his work on board in keeping his casks ready for a possible capture; and the carpenter employs himself with the spare boats, in finding out decayed places and putting in new pieces. But in the whole affair there is no life, no real activity; it is easy to see that the crew, who have been engaged in this way for months, only work not to stand idle, and all look longingly away from their task over the gently-cripsed surface of the water, in the certainly vain hope of perceiving from the deck the rising jet of a fish between the flashes of the wave. But were any thing of the sort really in sight, the lookouts would long ago have cried, — "There she blows!"

All labor rests as if by word of command, — the cooper throws away his hammer, the carpenter his plane, and the captain, who is lying below on the sofa reading or sleeping, in order to kill the fearfully-wearisome time of such a lazy cruise, springs up the cabin-stairs to look to windward and to the man in the top, in order to learn the details of the fish that had come up.

"There she blows!" the man aloft shouts again, and "blow — blow — blow!" he adds slowly, as he indicates each rising jet of water.

"Where away?" is the cry from deck; and the outstretched arm of the lookout-man indicates the direction; but the arm points to windward, and the boat-steerers call their crews together in wild haste, in order to be first to be ready for sea, which is always an honorable distinction. The little water-cask is filled, the spindle with the rolled-up line for the harpoons is let down, and the boat itself glides from the davits down to the water. The crew follow, clambering like cats down the sides of the ship, the oars are put in the rowlocks, and so soon as the harpooner or boatsheader has taken his place at the tiller-ropes, they push off; but the bow of the sharp-built, light little boat bounds forward toward the indicated spot, throwing back the waves on either side.

If the fish comes to leeward, the vessels can follow them under sail for some distance without alarming the fish, and the boats also under sail glide noiselessly and unnoticed up to their prey; the chase is, in such cases, always quicker and more certain, while much less fatiguing. If the ship, however, attempted to tack to windward and take the wind from the fish, much time would be lost, and the whales very rarely caught up. Rowing up to them is, therefore, though the most fatiguing, the quickest and safest way in this case,

and the ship follows its boats as rapidly as it can with the remainder of the crew, in order to pick them up after the chase is over, and take any harpooned fish alongside.

The four boats of the *King Harold* were pulling as fast as the elastic oars could impel them, right in the wind's teeth, and after half an hour's tough work came in sight of the first "blow" of the sporting fish, which was rising and sinking alternately. Hitherto a signal had been made them from the ship with a black-painted basket fastened to a pole, in what direction the whales turned. A sailor, posted on the crow's-nest, was ordered to hold this signal up, which is visible for a long distance, and the boats altered their course in accordance with it.

A peculiar rivalry prevails on such a trip, not only among the boat-steerers and harpooners, as to who will be "fast" first, but also among the whole crew. It becomes a point of honor as to which boat makes the first successful and productive cast; for, on such a chase, all, from the captain down to the cabin-boy, go shares, and the boats' crews do their utmost not to be behind one another.

The three quickest boats had, on this occasion, the best prospect of soon getting within hailing direction, while the fourth, commanded by a young hot-headed Irishman, was unable to keep up with them, in spite of the desperate exertions of the rowers. When the other boat-steerers were getting ready to hurl the harpoon, he was a good cable's length behind them.

At this moment a single spout was visible on their right, though a long distance off, and though the boats do not like to separate, that in case of need they may help one another, the young Irishman, standing up with the yoke-lines, hardly saw the single blow, which told him of fish in that direction, ere he threw round his boat's head with lightning speed, and left the other whale-boats, to pursue his new booty.

At this moment the other boats had enough work themselves, and paid but little attention to him. The rowers, however, who saw the altered course of their comrades, could easily conjecture that fish had also spouted over there, and had not the slightest objection to get rid of a rival. Moreover, they were nearer the whales than they had at first supposed; for the latter, which had suddenly dived, — while the boats kept on as fast as they could, — rose again to the surface some thirty yards ahead of them, and one fish indeed came within striking distance of the first harpooner, who at once hurled his lance and made fast to it.

The other two, also, made fast before another ten minutes had elapsed; the iron of the second boat, however, came out again, and the fish sunk, so that the second boat followed the third, and helped it to secure its fish, in which they succeeded after some trouble. The struck fish, however, went off at full speed to the northward, dragging the boats after them, so that the waves dashed high against their bows, until the third harpooner succeeded in burying his lance behind the fin of his whale, and giving it the mortal blow. The first harpooner was dragged a good mile farther; but then killed his fish, and lay on his oars to await the arrival of the ship, for it would have been impossible for them to row with the weighty whale in tow. They had got so far from the ship, however, that they could no longer see the hull above water, and it had to tack constantly against the light breeze before it made up the lost miles.

The three boats now looked about, though of course in vain, for the fourth, which had got quite out of sight, and tried to distinguish its sail, which was lighter than their own. But it had disappeared, and they comforted themselves with the thought that lookouts on board had kept it in sight, and would know exactly the direction in which it had gone.

The *King Harold*, however, was not at all a swift sailer, at any rate not close on a wind, and the afternoon passed away ere it succeeded in tacking up to the two whales, and securing them, one on either side. The second harpooner had returned aboard, previously, to be able to manage the ship more easily with an augmented crew; and a man was now again sent up to the top with a telescope, to discover where the other boat was, so that in case it was also fast to a fish, all the remaining boats might be sent off to take it in tow.

"Well, sir, in what direction does it lie?" the captain shouted from the deck when the captured fish were secured, and he could turn his attention to the other boat; "is it far from here?"

"Can't find it anywhere, sir," was the reply; and the man began again scanning the whole horizon.

"Oh, nonsense, it is no use your looking to windward, it can't be there," the captain shouted up again; "leave the sun on your right, and look carefully southward, — it must be there."

The man obeyed his orders, but looked so long through the glass without any satisfactory result, that the captain at length grew impatient, and himself ran up the shrouds to look for the boat.

He was beginning to grow restless about its disappearance.

"Over there I have fancied once or twice, sir," the man from whom he snatched the glass said, as he pointed to the south-southwest, "that I could notice a dark point on the water; but when I looked more closely it disappeared."

"Where away?"

"Just over there, close to that small white cloud; perhaps a trifle more westerly."

The captain looked for a while in the indicated direction through his glass, but then shook his head, and began seeking again. But in vain did he remain aloft till the sun sank beneath the horizon, and allowed the smallest objects to stand out most distinctly and prominently. He could not see the slightest trace of a boat, which would have certainly hoisted its sail, as it must know the ship was looking for it, for the white reflection shines for a long distance across the water.

The first harpooner had also come aloft. An accident must have happened to the boat, and the crew were beginning to feel anxious. But he could not either distinguish through the glass any thing that bore the slightest resemblance to a boat or a sail, and the quickly-falling twilight, so closely followed by night in those latitudes, rendered a further search impossible.

The captain of the *King Harold* had, however, no choice left him as to what he should do under the circumstances. He could not cruise backward and forward on account of the fish taken alongside; but if he had known the direction in which to steer, he would probably have left his booty in the lurch to look for his lost men. He had still the hope of finding them to leeward, and the ship was drifting in that direction under the influence of the trade-winds and the equatorial current. If, on the next morning, nothing could be seen of the boat, he would leave the portions of the fish not yet cut up, with a flag hoisted upon them, and cruise in search of the missing men. Good heaven! it is always a desperate attempt to try and find lost boats. The sea is so fearfully large, and if the men had really lost their boat, and were swimming in the water, — where to find them? He would only do it, in order not to be obliged to reproach himself with having carelessly given up a part of his crew.

The greatest probability still remained, that a wounded spermaceti whale had destroyed the boat, and the crew had been unable to keep so long on the surface by swimming. The sea was certainly calm enough, but the terrible shark

soon scents the blood of a stabbed fish; and as now six or seven of the greedy fellows were swimming round their vessel, impatiently awaiting the cutting up of the whales, tearing and dragging at the tough mass, and yet unable to fix their sharp teeth in it,—they would certainly have gone to the spot where the missing boat was, and woe to the unhappy men who, deprived of their protecting boat, were exposed to their savage hunger!

There was certainly still a possibility that the boat, still uninjured, had been drawn too far to leeward in the pursuit, to be able to pull back again; a boat is only a small spot on the mighty ocean, and may easily escape an eye armed with the best telescope. But in that case they would know perfectly well what direction they had to follow; and to point that out to them distinctly during the night, two lanterns were fastened to the fore and maintops, so that they might not perchance row past the ship in the darkness.

After dark, at midnight, and before the morning watch, the captain also fired the little cannon he had on deck, in order to point out the direction to the boat through their detonation; but in vain. The night passed, and nothing was heard or seen of the missing men.

Cutting up the fish went on actively in the mean while; the blubber or fat was stripped off and hoisted aboard with a tackle specially made for the purpose, and the boiling out began so soon as it was got on board, in order to lose no time, and to get the fat, which quickly grows rancid under the sun, out of the way. Large torches fed with blubber hung overboard in a sort of cage or net made of iron bands, and threw their blood-red flashing glance over a wild and busy scene. Before midnight one of the mighty fish was cut up, and the gigantic head, cut off in the water from the backbone, was hoisted on board with the huge blubber hooks, so that the ship keeled under the tremendous weight as it came over the side.

With daybreak, when the entire crew were already hard at work on the second fish, two of the harpooners, each armed with a glass, were again sent to the tops, and in vain had they searched the horizon in every direction till sunrise, when the eye of the first harpooner fell on a dark

spot in the sparkling water, and was fixed on it. The distance, however, was too great to distinguish any thing; still the captain was at once informed of it, and he hastened aloft.

Most certainly something was floating there on the water, whatever it might be; but it lay to windward. They must have drifted past it in the night; and the second harpooner was sent off in his boat to discover what it really was. If not the missing boat, which it did not look at all like, it was possibly a dead whale, and would not only repay the trouble of looking after, but might bring them on the track of the lost men; for the fish, if lanced by them, would assuredly have one of the ship's harpoons or irons in it.

The order was shouted down to the deck, and in a few minutes the boat pushed off, and, impelled by four powerful oarsmen, darted with the speed of an arrow in the direction which was constantly indicated to them by the basket from the maintop. The captain also remained aloft, not to let the object which had caught his eye out of sight again, and be able to watch the progress of the boat.

The latter had rowed a good half hour, obeying the signal from the ship, though the men did not notice any thing themselves, until at last the harpooner, who was standing in the bows, fancied he saw a dark object right ahead, flush with the water. The basket aboard being drawn in, also showed them that they were in the right direction, and it was not long ere the harpooner shouted, as he half turned to his men and stretched out his arm in front,—

"Give way, my lads, give way,—it is a man standing on a raft or boat or something; give way, for I fancy we have arrived just in time."

Then, uttering a loud "Hallo!" he tried in this way to obtain a response; but no sound answered him. And as they now laid with their full strength on the oars, so that they bent as if about to break, the sharp-bowed boat dashed toward the strange object.

"A man! a man!" the men in the boat now shouted, curiously turning to gaze at him; and "Hang me!" the boat-steerer added, who was also standing up with the yoke-lines in his hand, "if it's n't Patrick!"

[To be concluded in the next Number.]



## HOW GEORGY GOT THE OYSTERS.

Poor little Fanny lay ill in her bed,  
 She hardly could open her eyes;  
 And sister and brother so sorry were they,  
 They blew quite a gale with their sighs.

Three dear little children, three good pretty children,  
 But Kitty was oldest of all;  
 And Georgy was youngest, a bright little fellow,  
 So fat, and so rosy, and small.

The two little girls, so fair and so sweet,  
 Mamma called her "lilies," her "pearls;"  
 But Georgy, the loveliest blossom of all,  
 Was a wonder of dimples and curls.

When Fanny was well, they all frolicked and played,  
 And had merry parties to tea;  
 And oh! Georgy's speeches, and queer little songs,  
 Were as funny as funny could be.

But now while poor Fanny lay sick in the bed,  
 The speeches and songs would not come;  
 And the best bit of comfort that Georgy could find,  
 Was to suck his own fat little thumb.

Then kind old cook Peggy came up with a dish  
 Of oysters stewed nicely with milk:  
 "Miss Fanny," she said, "I've cooked 'em for you,  
 You poor little darlint, so sick!"

"Oh thank you," cried Fanny, with looks of delight,  
 "I'm ever so fond of a stew;  
 How kind you are, Peggy; please give me the dish,  
 I think I will nibble a few."

She ate up one half of the oysters so nice,  
 Quite as many as she was then able;  
 Then mamma took the dish, and covered it up,  
 And laid it with care on the table.

Dear little Georgy each mouthful had watched,  
 And his eyes grew so bright and so wide;  
 Each time *her* mouth opened, he opened *his* too,  
 But oh! he put *nothing* inside.

He got just as hungry as hungry could be,  
 And his breath came and went very quick,  
 As he said "*It's too bad! 'tis a jedful gate shame!*"

*Why tant I lie down and be tick?"*

You must know, little reader, that Georgy had learned  
 From Kitty a sad little song,  
 About some poor children with nothing to eat,  
 Who wandered about quite forlorn.

All of a sudden, he thought of this now,  
 And gayly ran up to mamma;  
 And making a queer little bob of a bow,  
 His eyes shining bright as a star,

He sang the last verse, in his odd, lisping way,  
 Which here I will write for you plain;  
 And then little Georgy, so funny and sweet,  
 Shall twist all the words up again:

"Pity, kind gentlemen, friends of humanity,  
 Hungry and thirsty I wander forlorn;  
 Give me some food for my mother for charity, —  
 Give me some food, and I will be gone."

"*Pittee, tine genlemens, fenzer coomanity,  
 Hungee an tipisty I munder delorn;  
 Gim me some food of my mudder of parody, —  
 Gim me some oysers, and I will be dorn.*"

Oh how his mother did laugh at her boy,  
 But dear little George did not pout;  
 He only stood smiling and waiting to see  
 If the oysters would be coming out.

Little Fanny said "yes," and mamma gave him three,  
 Which he ate with a relishing smack;  
 Three spoonful of juice most delicious he got,  
 When she put the rest carefully back.

But, like Oliver Twist, he was longing for more,  
 He admired his capital plan;  
 And again made his queer little bob of a bow,  
 And puckering his lips, he began: —

"Pittee, tine genlemens, fens," and so on,  
 Till he'd said the whole verse through  
 and through;



And mamma said to Fanny, "My darling, I  
fear  
He will get all your 'oyssers' from you."

"I sha'n't mind it," said Fanny, so tender and  
kind,  
Such a generous, dear little miss ;

"I'll give Georgy and Kitty every one that is left,  
For a hug, and a squeeze, and a kiss."

So Kitty and Georgy eat up every scrap, —  
Not a drop of the juice either, missing ;  
Then rushing to Fanny, they had a good time,  
All hugging, and squeezing, and kissing.

AUNT FANNY.

### THE LAND OF PLUCK.

IN the old, old time, when some of the now-called heroes of antiquity were cutting their baby-teeth, men commenced quarreling for the possession of Holland ; and in one form or another, the contest has been going on nearly ever since. Why any should have wanted it is a mystery to me. It was then only a low tract of spongy marsh, a net-work of queer rivers that seemed never to know where they belonged, but insisted every spring upon paying unwelcome visits to the inland — hiding here, running into each other there, and falling asleep in pleasant places. It was a great land-and-water kaleidoscope, girt about with a rim of gloomy forest ; or a dissected puzzle, with half of the pieces in soak ; and its owners were a scanty, savage, fish-eating tribe, living, like beavers, on mounds of their own raising.

What could have been the attraction ? What, indeed, unless it were the same feeling that often makes a small boy holding either a kaleidoscope or a puzzle, an object of persecution to all the big boys around him.

"Let me take a look !" they cry ; "I want my turn ;" or, "Give me the puzzle ! Let's see what I can make out of it !"

You know how it is too apt to be. First, their attention is arrested by seeing the small boy peculiarly happy and absorbed. They begin to nudge, then to bully him. Small boy shakes his head and tries to enjoy himself in peace and quietness. Bullying increases — the nudges become dangerous. In despair he soon gives in, or rather, gives up, and the big boys slide into easy possession.

But suppose the small boy is plucky, and *won't* give up ? Suppose he would see kaleidoscope and puzzle crushed to atoms first ? Suppose only positive big boy power can overcome his as positive resistance. What then ?

So commenced the history of Holland.

The first who held possession of Dutch soil — not the first who ever had lived upon it, but the first who had persistently enjoyed the kaleidoscope, and busied themselves with the puzzle — were a branch of the great German race. Driven by circumstances from their old home, they had settled upon an empty island in the river Rhine, which, you know, after leaving its pleasant southern country, straggles through Holland in a bewildered search for the sea. This island they called *Betaw*, or "Good Meadow," and so, in time, came themselves to be called Batavii, or Batavians.

Other portions of the country were held by various tribes living upon and beyond a great tract of land which afterward, in true Holland style, was turned into a sea.\* Most of these tribes were sturdy and brave, but the Batavii were braver than all. Fierce, stanch, and defiant, they taught even their little children only the law of might ; and their children grew up to be mightier than they. The blessed Teacher had not yet brought the world his lesson of mercy and love. "Conquer one another," had stronger claims to their consideration than "Love one another." The type of their manhood was sacrificed in token of their prowess. No man could cut either his hair or his beard till he had killed an enemy ; and an unshorn Batavian was one to be pointed at contemptuously by his fellows. Some even wore an iron collar around the neck with the understanding that it should be removed as soon as the wearer had killed his man. Their votes in council were given by the clashing of arms ; and often their wives and mothers stood by with shouts and cries of encouragement wherever the

\* The Zuyder Zee, formed by successive inundations during the thirteenth century. In the last of these, in 1287, nearly eighty thousand persons were drowned.

fight was thickest. "Others go to battle," said the historian Tacitus; "these go to war."

Soon the all-conquering Romans, who, with Julius Cæsar at their head, had trampled surrounding nations into subjection, discovered that the Batavii were not to be vanquished—that their friendship was worth far more than the wretched country they inhabited. An alliance was soon formed, and the Batavii were declared to be exempt from the annual tax or tribute which all others were forced to pay to the Romans. Cæsar himself was not ashamed to extol their skill in arms, nor to send their now-famous warriors to fight his battles, and strike terror to the hearts of his foes.

The Batavian cavalry could swim across wide and deep rivers without breaking their ranks, and their infantry were excelled by none in drill, in archery, and wonderful powers of endurance. They had fought too long with the elements in holding their "Good Meadow" to be dismayed in battle by any amount of danger and fatigue.

The Romans called them "friends;" but they soon discovered that they were used merely as a cats-paw. After a while, as cats-paws will, they turned and scratched. A contest, stubborn and tedious, between the Romans and Batavians followed. At length both parties were glad to make terms of peace, which prevailed, with few interruptions, until the decline of the Roman Empire.

After that, hordes of barbarians overran Europe; and Holland, with the rest, had a hard time of it. Man to man, the Batavian could hold his own against any mortal foe, but he was not always proof against numbers. The "Good Meadow," grown larger and more valuable, was conquered and held in turn by several of the "big boys" among the savage tribes, but not until Batavian pluck stood recorded in many a fearful tale passed from father to son.

Later, each of the surrounding nations, as it grew more powerful, tried to wrest Holland from the holders of her soil. Some succeeded, some failed; but always, and every time, the Dutch gathered their strength for the contest and went not to battle, but to war. As the Russians burnt Moscow to prevent it from falling into the hands of Napoleon, so this stanch people always stood ready, at the worst, to drown Holland rather than yield her to the foe. Often they let in the waters they had so laboriously shut out, laying waste hundreds of fertile acres, that an avenging sea might suddenly confound the invaders. Often they faced famine and pestilence,

—men, women, and little, wonder-stricken children perishing in the streets of their beleaguered cities,—all who had breath to say it, still fiercely refusing to surrender. Wherever the strong arm of the enemy succeeded in mowing them down, a stronger, healthier growth was sure to spring from the stubble. Sometimes defeated, never subdued, they were patient under subjection only until they were again ready to rise as one man and throw off the yoke. Now and then, it is true, under promise of peace and increased prosperity, they formed a friendly union with a one-time enemy. But woe to the other side if it carried aggression and a trust in might too far. Treachery, oppression, breach of faith, were sure, sooner or later, to arouse Dutch pluck; and Dutch pluck, in the end, has always beaten.

And so, though Roman, Saxon, Austrian, Spaniard, Belgian, and Frenchman, in turn flourished a sceptre over them, it comes, after all, to be true, that only the Dutch have really taken Holland. It is theirs by every right of inheritance and strife—theirs to hold, to drain, and to pump, forever and ever. They wrested it from the sea, not in a day, but through long years of patient toil, through dreary years of suffering and sorrow. They have counted their dead, in their war with the ocean alone, by hundreds of thousands. Industry, hardihood, and thrift, have been their allies in a better sense than their old Batavian forces were to the haughty Cæsar.

For ages, it seems, Holland could not have known a leisure moment. Frugal, hardy, painstaking, and persevering, her spirit was ever equal to great enterprises. Obstacles that would have discouraged others, inspired the Dutch with increased energy. Their land was only a marsh threatened by the sea. What of that? So much the more need of labor and skill, to make it a hailing place among nations. It was barren and bleak. "Why, then," said they, "so much the more need we should become masters in tilling the soil." It was a very little place, scarcely worth giving a name on the maps. "So much the more need," said plucky Holland, "that we extend our possessions, own lands in every corner of the earth, and send our ships far and near, until every nation shall unconsciously pay us tribute."

"Methinks her patient sons before me stand,  
Where the broad ocean leans against the land;  
And, sedulous to stop the coming tide,  
Lift the tall rampart's artificial pride!  
Onward, methinks, and diligently slow,  
The firm, compacted bulwark seems to grow;  
Spreads its long arms around the watery roar,  
Scoops out an empire, and usurps the shore:

While the pent ocean rising o'er the pile  
Sees an amphibious world beneath him smile:  
The slow canal, the yellow-blossomed vale,  
The willow-tufted bank, the gliding sail,  
The crowded mart, the cultivated plain,  
A new creation rescued from his reign." — *Goldsmith*.

"Such is the industry of the people, and the trade they drive," said a writer of the sixteenth century, "that, having little or no corn of their own growth, they do provide themselves elsewhere, not only sufficient for their own spending, but wherewith to supply their neighbors. Having no timber of their own, they spend more timber in building ships, and fencing their water-courses, than any country in the world. . . . And finally, having neither flax nor wool, they make more cloth of both sorts than in all the countries of the world, except France and England."

Of some things they soon began to have a surplus. There was not half, nor a quarter enough persons in frugal Holland to drink all the milk of their herds. Forthwith Dutch butter and cheese came to be sent all over Christendom. The herring-fisheries were enormous. More fish came to their nets than would satisfy every man, woman, and child in Holland. England had sufficient herring of her own. Ships were too slow in those days to make fresh fish a desirable article of export. Here was trouble! Not so. Up rose a Dutchman named William Beukles, and invented the curing and pickling of Herring. From that hour the fish-trade made Holland richer and more prosperous than ever. A monument was raised to the memory of Beukles, for was he not a national benefactor?

The Dutch delight in honoring their heroes, their statesmen, and inventors. You cannot be long among them without hearing of one Laurens Janzoon Coster, to whom, they insist, the world owes the art of printing with movable type — the most important of human inventions. Their cities are rich in memorials and monuments of those whose wisdom and skill have proved a boon to mankind. All along the paths of human progress we can find Dutch footprints. In education, science, and political economy, they have, many a time, led the way.

The boys and girls of Holland are citizens in a high sense of the word. They soon learn to love their country, and to recognize the fatherly care of its government. A sense of common danger, of the necessity of all acting together in common defense, has served to knit the affections of the people. In truth it can be said, for history has proved it, that in every Dutch arm you

can feel the pulse of Holland. Throughout her early struggles, in the palmy, glorious days of the republic, as well as now in her cautious, constitutional monarchy, the Dutch have been patriots — mistaken and short-sighted at times, but always true to their beloved "Good Meadow." Hollow-land, Low-land, or Nether-land, whatever men may call it, it stands high in their hearts. They love it with more than the love of a mountaineer for his native hills.

To be sure there have been riots and outbreaks there, as in all other thickly-settled parts of the world — perhaps more than elsewhere, for Dutch indignation, though slow in kindling, makes a prodigious blaze when once fairly on fire. Some of these disturbances have arisen only after a long endurance of serious wrong; and some seem to have been started at once by that queer friction-match in human nature, which, if left unguarded, is sure to be nibbled at, and so ignited, by the first little mouse of discontent that finds it.

There was a curious origin to one of these domestic quarrels. On a certain occasion a banquet was given, at which were present two noted Dutch noblemen, rivals in power, who had several old grudges to settle. The conversation turning on the cod-fishery, one of the two remarked upon the manner in which the hook (hoek) took the cod-fish (or kabbeljaw, as the Dutch call it).

"The hook take the cod-fish!" exclaimed the other in no very civil tone; "it would be better sense to say that the cod-fish takes the hook."

The grim jest was taken up in bitter earnest. High words passed, and the chieftains rose from the table enemies for life.

They proceeded to organize war against each other; a bitter war it proved, for it lasted a hundred and fifty years, and was fought out with all the stubbornness of kindred hate. The opposing parties took the names of "Hoeks" and "Kabbeljaws," and men of all classes enlisted in their respective ranks. In many instances fathers, brothers, sons, and old-time friends, forgot their ties, and knew each other only as foes. The feud raged hotter and stronger in proportion as men had time coolly to consider the question. A thicket of mutual wrongs, real or imaginary, sprang up to further entangle the opposing parties; families were divided, miles of smiling country laid in ruin, and tens of thousands of men slain — for what?

Those who fought, and those who looked on, longing for peace, are alike silent now. History cannot quite clear up the mystery. I know how

hard it must have been to settle the knotty question whether hooks or cod-fish can more properly be said to be "taken," and how dangerous the littlest thorns of anger and jealousy become if not plucked out at the onset. It is certain, too, that the Hoeks and Kabbeljaws were terribly in earnest:—

"But what they killed each other for  
I never could make out."

The Kabbeljaws had one advantage. When a public dinner was given by their party, the first dish brought in by the seneschal (or steward) was a huge plate of cod-fish elaborately decorated with flowers; something not ornamental only, but substantial and satisfactory: while the same dish at a Hoek festival contained nothing but a gigantic hook encircled by a flowery wreath.

All through Dutch history you will find quaint words and phrases that have a terrible record folded within their quaintness. The Casembrotspel, or Bread and Cheese war, was not funny when it came to blight the last ten years of the fifteenth century, though it sounds so lightly now. And the *Gueux*, or "Beggars" who, nearly a century later, come forth on the blood-stained page, were something more than beggars, as King Philip and the wicked Duke of Alva found to their cost.

I cannot tell you of them here. Watch for them when you read Dutch history. They will soon appear, with their wallets and wooden bowls, their doublets of ashen gray, — brave, reckless, desperate men, whose deeds struck terror over land and sea. When once they come in sight, turn as you may, you will meet them; you will hear their wild cry, "Long live the Beggars!" ringing amid the blaze and carnage of many a terrible day. There are princes and nobles among them. They will grow bolder and fiercer, more reckless and desperate, until their country's persecutor, Philip of Spain, has withdrawn the last man of all his butchering hosts from their soil; until the Duke of Alva, the blackest character in all history, has cowered before the wrath of Holland!

Ah! my light-hearted boys and girls, if there were not lessons to be learned from these things, it would be well to blot them from human memory. But would it be well to forget the heroism, the majestic patience, the trust in God, that shine forth resplendent from these darkest pages of Dutch history? Can we afford to lose such examples of human grandeur under suffering as come to us from the beleaguered cities of Naarden, Haarlem, and Leyden? When you learn

their stories, if you do not know them already, you will understand Dutch pluck in all its fullness, and be glad that, in the end, it proved victorious over every foe.

But, as you have already been told, it is not only amid the din of war that Holland has shown her pluck; nor is hers the boisterous, bragging quality, that offends at every turn. A simpler, steadier, more peacefully-inclined people it would be hard to find; but somehow, they have an odd way of being mixed up with the history of every other nation, — mainly because their peculiar simplicity and love of quiet have been deemed as a sort of standing invitation to make war upon them.

The story of Dutch patriotism could be written out in symbols, or pictures, more eloquently than that of any other nation. There would be battle-ships and fortresses, shields, and arrows, and spears, and all the paraphernalia of war, ancient and modern. But beside these, and having a sterner significance, would be the tools and implements of artisans, the windmills, the dykes, the canals; the sluice-gates, the locks, the piles that hold up their cities. How much could be told by the great white-sailed merchantmen bound for every sea; by the mammoth docks, and by the wonderful cargoes coming and going! How the great buildings would loom up, each telling its story, — the factories, warehouses, schools, colleges, museums, legislative halls, the hospitals, asylums, and churches!

There would be more than these; there would be libraries, art-galleries, and holy places battered and broken. There would be monuments and relics, and organs with sweet yet terrible voices. There would be boats manned by rough heroes trying to save thousands of drowning fellow-creatures whose homes had been swept away by the waves. We should see the noblest public parks of their time; gardens, too, wonderful in their blooming; and, over all, a picture of the bells, the carillons that for ages have sent down their tinkling showers of music upon the people.

Dutch pluck has sailed all over the world. It has put its stamp on commerce, science, and manufactures. It has set its seal on every quarter of the earth. Dutchmen were at home in Japan before either the Americans or English had dared to venture upon her inhospitable shores. There were great obstacles to encounter in any attempt at trading or becoming acquainted with that strange hermit of an empire. She had enough of her own, she said, and asked no favors of the outside barbarians. Would they be kind enough



to stay away? Most of the world gave an unwilling assent; but Holland undertook to show her the folly of rejecting the benefits of commerce; and in time, and after many a hard struggle, succeeded in establishing a Japanese trade. Talking of ships, where did that ship sail from that brought the good Fathers of New England safely across the sea? And, for months before, what country had sheltered them from the persecution that threatened them in their native land? Ask the books these questions, if need be, and ask yourselves whether to shelter the oppressed, to offer an asylum to hunted fugitives from every clime, is not a noble work for pluck to do.

Whence, too, did some of our New York oddities come? Why are you, little New-Yorkers, so fond of waffles, krullers, and doughnuts, and New Year's cake? Dutch inventions, every one of them. Why do you devoutly honor the good St. Nicholas? Why is the city turned topsyturvy in a general "moving" sure as the first of May comes round? Why do your fathers and brothers on a certain day, from morning till night, pay visits from house to house, wishing the ladies a "Happy New Year?" Simply because our Dutch ancestors did the same.

Hendrick Hudson, the first white man who explored our noble North River, was a Dutchman. He called it De Groote (or The Great) River, little thinking that for all time afterward it would be known as the Hudson. Staten (or States) Island was named by him in honor of his home government, the States General. Some say he called the passage between Long and Manhattan Islands, Helle-gat, or Beautiful Pass. At any rate, Dutch names lie sprinkled very thickly in nearly every direction within one hundred miles of the Fifth Avenue.

"Nurse," I once said indignantly to a kind old colored woman, who, in her small circle, was quite renowned for profound learning, — "Nurse, Johnny Waters says New York was made by nothin' but Dutchmen — but I don't believe it."

"Chile," said she, drawing herself up with great dignity, "no use misbelieving de trufe. All dis yere mighty city ub New York come strait frum Hollan' — dat 's sartin — so you best be circumspectuous in speakin' 'bout dat country. 'T a'int nuffin ter be 'shamed of, chile."

Old Eliza was right. There is nothing to be ashamed of about Holland.

MARY E. DODGE.

## THE LITTLE BACHELOR.



"When I was a little man I lived by myself,  
All the bread and cheese I got I put upon a shelf;  
The rats and the mice, they led me such a life,  
I was forced to go to London to buy me a wife."

### FIRST PICTURE.

SHOWING HOW THE LITTLE BACHELOR WAS LONELY.

Now you can see how lonely I was. Day and night only the rats and mice to keep me company! I did n't get along at all, I had so many troubles. In the first place, it was because I did n't know how to cook that I came to live upon bread and cheese at all, and then to find that I could n't keep *that* from being eaten by the rats and mice, — not even when I put it up on a shelf so high that I had to climb a ladder to get at it — Oh dear! — for they learned to climb it too, a great deal quicker than I did. I think I should have starved at last! But one night when I fell asleep in my corner by the fire, there came to me such a beautiful dream. I saw a little Wife standing by my side! From that moment I never left off thinking of her. Whenever I shut my eyes I could see her, and oh how I loved her! Could it be that she was really coming to me from somewhere? At every little noise or rustle I would start, expecting to see her;

and then it was the rats nearly drove me crazy. Again and again I rushed to the door, thinking I heard a gentle tap upon it, and that I should see my little wife standing upon the threshold; and again and again the gentle taps proved to have been made by the rats and mice, and I saw nothing from the door but the dark night outside. It was too much to bear. At last I said to myself: "I will not wait any longer. I will go to London and buy a wife who will drive away these dreadful creatures, and then I will sit quietly in my corner and dream of my sweet vision forever!"

#### SECOND PICTURE.

SHOWING HOW THE LITTLE BACHELOR WENT TO LONDON.

*"The rats and the mice, they led me such a life,  
I was forced to go to London and buy me a wife."*

It was so difficult to choose! Such rows and

rows of wives in that great London shop. I wondered if there were enough bachelors in the world to buy them. I don't believe there were, for they all seemed so anxious to be sold to me. That made it very embarrassing. However, I could not possibly take them all, you know, so I began to search among them for one who looked as if she could clear my house of rats, and who would n't talk too much, for I wanted quiet, you remember. Well, the salesman wanted me to take a bewitching little creature. Oh she was so charming! And she looked just ready to spring into my arms, as if she knew I could not resist her. But I reflected that a rat would frighten her to death; and then she was so very expensive. There was Nanny Netticoat too, and Daffy-Down-Dilly; but I never could keep Nanny in clean white petticoats, and Daffy was proud of her finery. Betty Blue was there, and



entreated me very pitifully to take her, but I could never forgive her for being so careless as to lose her shoe. There was a strong-minded spinster who said rats never remained a day in her neighborhood; but—gracious! no more would I. I came near taking a widow from very pity, and two helpless little creatures tied up in brown paper looked so imploringly at me, that I longed to take them out of their misery. In fact, it seemed quite dull and unpleasant for them all, for even their dolls were taken away from them

and put in a basket on a shelf. That was a shame, I thought. I was quite pleased with a waxy-looking little thing who was put on the top of a chest of drawers, but she roared out crying for me at such a rate—the cry-baby!—of course I would n't have her after that. One poor little thing turned her back to the rest, and buried her face in her arms in quite a despairing way. I think I should have taken her if it had not been for the thought of my vision. Ah! it was the thought of my sweet vision that made it quite

impossible for me to take any of them, and I was on the point of going away discouraged and unhappy, when — was I dreaming? No — No — No! There *was* my vision! She was standing amid a little group I had not seen before, and was hanging her head down quite sadly, with a gentle, patient look in her face, as if she were thinking, — “Ah! nobody would ever notice me among all these beautiful creatures!” But when she heard me cry out, and looked up to see the cause of it, the joy in her face, all bright and sunny then, made me exclaim at once, — “Here is my wife! Take my gold, — all that my purse contains, — and give me my blessed little wife!”



THIRD PICTURE.

SHOWING HOW THE LITTLE BACHELOR UNDERTOOK TO CARRY HIS WIFE HOME HIMSELF.

“The streets were so broad, and the lanes were so narrow, I was forced to bring my wife home in a wheelbarrow. The wheelbarrow broke, and my wife had a fall, And down came wheelbarrow, wife, and all.”

The salesman wanted to know if he should send my wife home for me. Send her, indeed! The idea of my trusting her with any body but myself! I took her little arm in mine, and looked quite defiantly at the hard-hearted monster who could propose such a thing, as he held open the door for us to pass out.

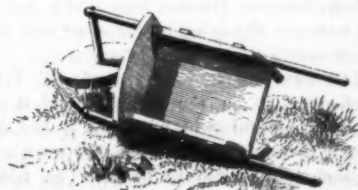
“But my baggage!” said my wee wife in a

plaintive voice; “must I leave my new hat and all?”

Then I heard a general stir among the wives. One said, “It’s a lucky thing he did n’t take me!” Another said, “Poor little thing! What will he do to her next?” “From what an unhappy fate are we preserved!” said the widow; and the spinster said, “Savage!” But I told my wife that it was only because I was in such a transport of joy that I forgot her baggage, and she comforted me by saying she was quite sure of it, in the hearing of the unreasonable beings who were so jealous. And to prove that it was so, I sent for a wheelbarrow on the spot, and helped myself to stow away in it all her trunks and boxes and bundles. Then I put her on top of them all, and, although it was a heavy load for me, I said I would trundle her all the way home myself.

We travelled along the road quite comfortably, and only stopped when I had to wipe off the perspiration, or to rest for a minute. Whenever I did so, I could not help embracing my wife, and telling her how very much I loved her, and how careful I meant to be of her. I don’t think she objected to the delay, for she asked me very often if I did n’t want to rest a little, and seemed to expect a great deal of attention when I did so. In fact, it was her reaching back to clasp my neck that made the wheelbarrow give a sudden turn, and the wheel come off. Oh dear! Oh dear! It was a terrible fright! My poor little wife tumbled quite out of my reach, and it made me gasp for breath to think she might be broken in some part. I was more alarmed, too, when, after I pulled her out from the boxes and bundles, and asked anxiously if she were hurt anywhere, she confessed, after she was a little composed, that her mouth hurt her. I am sure I looked very carefully, but could discover no mark of injury upon it, which alarmed me still more, and I asked her if I should not go for a doctor. But she was quite startled at the proposition, and sobbed out on my shoulder, “I think — I think — if you kiss it, you’ll make it well!”

L. G.



## MICHAEL MICHAELOVITCH.

"WHEN I was a boy," began Uncle Ainslee, "I used to sit under these old buttonwood-trees, and read books of travel and adventure, and think that if ever I were old enough, I would see every one of the places I had read about. One Christmas I found in my stocking a book which your mamma had put in it for me, and the money for which she had earned by sewing carpet-rags together for Grandma's kitchen-carpet. The name of this book was 'The Exiles of Siberia,' and it was so sweet a story that when you are older, I shall want you to read and enjoy it, just as much as I did. It told of a country called Russia, where snow lies thick on the ground many months in the year, and all who can afford it, go about wrapped up to their eyes in furs, while the poor people wear sheep-skins, with the wool turned in.

"You know how clear and shining ice is. Well once a great Queen, who governed Russia, and whose name was Queen Catherine, had built for her a palace all in ice, — ice walls and chairs, and tables and sofas; and the weather was so clear and cold that it lasted a long time. They had balls in it, and danced on the ice floors, and, for all I can remember, ate ice-cream from ice plates, and drank iced lemonade from ice goblets. I read of all these things when a boy, as I told you, and it made me want so much to see this country far over the ocean, that at last, eight or nine years ago, I left the warm, beautiful Italy, where I had been for some time, and spent the fall and part of the winter in Russia. When you are older, and can look on maps, and know enough of geography, to follow in your mind the roads I travelled, and see the strange towns I stopped in, I shall very likely tell you some stories about them. To-day, though, I shall only tell of something which happened to me in the old city of Moscow, where I stayed nearly a month.

"There was one place to which I often went while there, which is called the Kremlin. It is a palace and a church together, standing on a hill called the Kremlin Terrace, from which you look down upon the city lying on the other side of the river Moskowa which flows between.

"You went up into the steeple of Trinity Church with me, in the summer, and thought it a very wonderful sight, when you looked down on that great New York, and looked over to the cities and towns close about it. You tried to count all the steeples you saw, and could n't well

do it, because you had never learned far enough in your numbers. Now imagine every one of these steeples gilded, and every roof painted green, and think how it would have flashed under your eyes, looking down on it all in the sunlight.

"Once, a long time ago, the people who lived in Moscow burned up the whole city, rather than let it fall into the hands of a great army who were coming to take it. The great stone walls were left standing, for fire could not burn them, you know; and so after the enemy had all gone home again, thinking it no use to try and conquer a country where all the people would burn their houses rather than give them up, every body went to work, and made the palaces and churches more splendid than they were before. I used to think sometimes when I went to the Kremlin, that Aladdin's palace, in the story I told you the other day, must have sprung up there, for in the church there are jewels and gold almost wherever you lay your hand. There are pictures of the Virgin Mary and Jesus, all over the walls, and around them are hung strings of diamonds and rubies, and pearls, such as you never saw. People go in and out all the time, crossing themselves as you saw Bridget do when she took you to her church, and kneeling down before crosses or pictures of Christ, praying aloud.

"You would think with all this splendor in the churches, that the whole city must be like them, and yet when you have gone out from the great walls which surround the Kremlin, though you can still see many beautiful buildings, the houses in which the poor people live are low wooden huts, not much better than the Irish shanties you have seen on some of the rocky ground near Central Park, though they are whitewashed, and have broad red and blue stripes painted on them. The streets are full of deep ruts and holes, and at night there is no gas, except in the larger ones, while the water you have to drink is carried about in large casks, and sold for so much a gallon. People don't drink much of it, however, for every body has tea instead. Even if you should ask for a glass of water, they would think you could n't mean it, and would bring you a glass of tea in its place, for in Russia they don't drink tea from cups, but from tumblers; and after it is sweetened, they put in, instead of milk, a slice of lemon, which Grandma, I dare say, would think had spoiled the whole thing.



"You have been into Taylor's Saloon with me to get ice-cream, and thought every thing was very fine; but you would open your eyes a good deal wider if you could see a Russian saloon, or Traktir, as they call it. The great Moskovski Traktir is the handsomest of all. The carpet is thick and soft, so that you hardly hear a foot-step. Each table has a sofa before it covered with snow-white cloth; every thing is in white, to match the snow you see from the windows; even the waiters wear white trousers, and if you wish, bring you such things to eat as you never heard of,—soup made of peppermint water, and fish, with lumps of ice, and green leaves floating around in it, and which tastes just as badly as it sounds; and caviare, which is the roe of a great fish called the sturgeon. Mamma used to give you the roe of the shad last spring, because it had no bones in it, and you never liked it much you know; so you can think how it would taste if you had to eat it raw, with only a little salt sprinkled on it. The Russians think it very delicious, and eat it fresh on bread and butter, or salted down and cut in slices.

"Some of these days I shall tell you more about their queer ways of cooking. I tried a great many things from curiosity, but the white-dressed waiters almost always had to take them away after the first taste, and bring me something cooked in French instead of Russian fashion. Every Traktir has its organ, like those the hand-organ men carry about in New York, only a dozen times larger; and as you sit and eat, or drink tea, or smoke, they are always grinding away at tunes of which the Russians never seem to tire, for they sit and listen with half-shut eyes, or talk in almost a whisper, so as not to lose the music, hours at a time.

"One thing you would like better than any thing I have yet told you, and here comes in my story for which you have been waiting a long time. In the great squares of the city, and sometimes outside the walls, when winter has come on, and every thing is frozen solid, they put together boards and posts, and make a sort of wooden hill with steep sides. On this hill they put snow, and pour water over it, which freezes at once, making a firm, smooth, ice hill, from top to bottom. Children and grown people come here with their sleds, and from morning till night there is a continual sliding down. At the foot of every ice hill is a little building, where, if you are a stranger, or do not own a sled, you can hire one for a few copecks, and at the very top is a platform, on which you can stand and rest after drawing it up.

"You would think that many people would be hurt, but they seldom are, for it is a rule that no one can slide down the side up which you walk with your sled. I had coasted down this hill back of Grandpa's many a time when a boy, and had read, too, of these Russian ice hills; so as soon as the first one was ready for any body and every body, I went there one afternoon, hired a little sled for a few copecks, and started up."

"What are copecks?" asked Ainslee.

"Little copper coins like pennies, only very thin and small," said Uncle Ainslee, "and I always carried some in my pockets. Well, as I said, I hired my sled and walked slowly up the ice hill, holding by the railing at the side, for it was very slippery. At the top I stopped to think. I'm a big man, you know, and my sled was very small. I sat down on it, and then the question was, what to do with my legs. If I doubled them up they were in my way, and if I stretched them out full length I was sure they would be run over. One old Russian with a long white beard, and wrapped in a very dirty sheepskin, went down belly-gutter, as if he were not over ten years old."

"What's belly-gutter?" said Ainslee.

"Ho!" said Sinny, who had been listening with great attention, "don't you know? It's sliding down-hill on your belly."

"Well, but," said Ainslee, "don't it hurt? I should think it would rub all your skin off."

"No," said Uncle Ainslee, laughing. "You have the sled under you, but still I never liked it as well as the common way."

"Oh," said Ainslee, "I did n't know you meant on a sled."

"Yes," Uncle Ainslee went on. "I watched this old man to the bottom, and then concluded I'd kneel down on mine, and start in that way. So off I went; but somehow or other, either Russian sleds were different from American ones, or else I had forgotten how to manage, for all at once, there was my sled going down without me, and I was holding on to the railing to keep myself from following after.

"I picked myself up, quite ashamed, but nobody laughed. Nobody does laugh much in Russia, and here they were all too busy with sliding to think about any body's tumble. A little boy who had seen my fall, as he dragged up his own sled, ran down after mine, and brought up both together. He did n't look like a Russian to me, though he wore the Russian dress, and said "No," in Russian, when I handed him some copecks for his trouble. I felt sure then that he was not a

native, for they always take all they can get, whether rich or poor.

"After I had put myself like a tailor on my sled, so that my great legs need not be in my way, we slid down side by side, faster and faster, to the bottom. Going up, I said a few words in German to the boy, who looked pleased, and answered at once. So we went on talking, and I found his father had come from Germany when this boy was only a baby, many years before, and was now a tea merchant in Moscow.



"I saw him every day after this, and almost always with another boy, a real little Russian, twelve or fourteen years old, who could speak nothing else, and who was the son of a rich serf, or slave,—so Hans told me. Hans was the German boy's name, and Michael Michaelovitch the Russian's; and after a little time we became such good friends, that he asked me home with him. There was only his father there, for his mother and baby sister had died not long after they came to Russia; and though they lived in a splendid house, there were only servants about them, and they were often very lonely. I went to see them almost daily, and always found this little Russian boy with Hans.

"One day I had taken off my great fur-lined

coat, and laid it down in an outer room. As it happened, I had put my watch, which had just been mended, into the breast-pocket, in a little box, and did not think to take it out. I was there an hour or two, and it was only on leaving that I remembered it. I put my hand in the pocket: nothing there. Then I felt in each one, for I knew that I had it as I came into the house.

"What is the matter?" said Hans, who had followed me.

"I told him the trouble, saying also, that if I had not known it to be there when I came in, I should not have spoken of it to them, but I was afraid some of the servants had taken it.

"All Russians steal!" said Hans's father, "and the watch will be found here, I am sure. Michael has it, probably, for he has always wanted Hans's, and search shall be made at once."

"Early next morning it was brought to me, and I went at once to Hans, to ask where they had found it. Michael, the Russian boy, was being led away by a gray-coated policeman, looking pale and frightened; and as I went in, Hans met me at the door.

"You have it," said he; "all Russians are alike, and Michael, who stole it, will be well paid."

"How?" said I. "You would not send so young a boy to prison?"

"No," said Hans; "he is on his way to the punishment-house; his back will pay for what he has done."

"Is he to be whipped?" said I.

"A hundred strokes, more or less!" answered Hans. "He is a serf, and they will not be sparing."

"I do not want him to be whipped," said I; "that is no way to make him better. I must go after him."

"No, no," said Hans; "all serfs are flogged; that is the only way to treat them."

"But I cannot have it," said I; "come with me at once, Hans, so that you can interpret for me. He must be punished in some other way."

"Hans held back, but finally yielded, and we hurried along toward a low building in one of the side streets off the great square. In Russia, I must tell you, they had until a few years ago, many thousands of slaves, or serfs, as they called them, who had suffered for many, many years, till they were made free, as our good President Lincoln made ours free. These punishment-houses were like the whipping-houses in New Orleans, and other Southern cities. If a slave displeased his master or mistress, he could be sent here with a note, and receive as many lashes as had been

ordered. Sometimes the slaves deserved punishment, but quite as often they were sent here by cruel and unreasonable owners, and whipped very dreadfully.

"As we went in to this place, Michael was being tied to a post, while a man stood by with a long willow rod in his hand, just ready to begin the beating. There were blood-stains on the post, and from another room I heard the sound of falling strokes, and a low cry now and then. It was sickening. Hans went forward to the policeman who stood at the upper end of the room; he spoke in Russian, so that I could not easily understand, but the man seemed to object.

"He says," said Hans, "that the boy was sent here for punishment, and must receive it. If I had money, though, he could easily be bribed."

"This made matters easy. In a few moments I had handed him one of the dirty bits of Russian paper money, Michael was untied, and we were out of the low, stifling room, into the clear cold air again. Michael said not a word, but looked at me, as if he could not understand things at all. When we had reached the house, I told him, partly in the little Russian I knew, but more with Hans's help, why I had saved him from this dreadful punishment, and that I hoped he would always hereafter be an honest boy.

"He said nothing, but as I went away, burst into tears, and kissed my cloak, as serfs often do, so that I felt sure he was grateful for what I had done.

"It was only a day or two afterward, that, turning a corner in one of those queer little Russian carriages which they call *droshkys*, I was thrown out, and sprained my right arm and wrist severely. Hans's father, when he heard of it, would not allow me to remain at the hotel, but took me at once to his house. Michael was my little servant, and for a fortnight waited upon me as nobody had ever done before. He taught me a good deal of Russian, and through long days Hans and Michael and I became very intimate. I found that Michael had never been told by any one how wicked it was to steal, and had been tempted by the shining watch so strongly that he could hardly help taking it. He was a very bright, quick boy, and before we parted I think he understood very well how good it is to be honest for the sake of honesty, and not through fear. I told them of America, and of all the strange countries I had seen, and both boys wished that they could leave Russia and come here.

"The day before I was to leave, Michael came

to me and begged me to buy him and take him with me.

"I cannot," I told him; "you know you have another master, and no foreigner can buy or own a serf. I wish I could."

"Poor Michael! He had set his heart on being bought by me, and could not bear to be disappointed.

"Some day you may be free," I said, "and if you are always honest and true, you will be happy, whether free or not."

"This sprain had kept me in Moscow much longer than I intended, and I hurried away, and started on my homeward journey only a few days afterward.

"In the course of two or three years, the good news came to us that all the Russian serfs had been freed. I thought then of Michael, and hoped he would have more chance to grow up a good man, than if he had still been a slave.

"Last spring, just before I left San Francisco, walking down by the docks one day, I saw, over-seeing the landing from a ship of some chests of tea, a young man whose face I was sure I knew. By and by he turned, and came up the quay, and I looked at him earnestly. As he saw me he stopped; then running forward, bowed low, and touched his forehead to my coat-flaps, as the Russians do. I knew Michael in a moment, and when I called him by name, he answered me in very good English, which astonished me, as when I knew him, he could speak nothing but Russian. When I had taken him up to the hotel, he told me the whole story.

"After I left, Hans had been so eager to learn English, that his father had engaged an English lady as teacher, who came to live with them, and spoke nothing else to Hans. Michael, who was always with him, of course learned it also, and the governess, finding him to be a very bright, intelligent boy, had taught him to read and write it.

"As Hans grew older, his eagerness to visit America increased, and at last, just after the emancipation of the serfs, he left Russia, and after travelling through America, settled down in San Francisco as a tea merchant. Michael had shortly after come over to be his clerk, and after his story was ended, I went with him to Hans's store. I had passed it many a time, not knowing whose it was, and you can think what a pleasant meeting I had. When I left some days afterward, they gave me a great chest of Russian tea. It is what Grandma calls her headache tea, because she thinks it cures her headaches. But see how late it is. We must go up to dinner."

"He tells good stories — don't he?" said Ainslee to Sinny, as Uncle Ainslee got up and walked slowly on.

"I guess he does," said Sinny. "I wish I was a Russian."

"Why?" asked Ainslee.

"'Cause I love tea," said Sinny, "and mother don't ever let me have only the bottom o' the cup."

"Well," said Ainslee, as they reached Grandma's door, "you grow up fast as ever you can, and go there when you get big, and maybe you can be one o' those waiters with white trousers, and drink it all the time. Good-by, Sinny."

"Good-by," said Sinny. "I do believe I'm going to be a Russian."

HELEN C. WEEKS.

### A LITTLE FISH.

WHEN you eat at breakfast sometimes a nice bit of salted herring, have you ever thought of how much use herrings were in the world? of how many thousand people depend upon them, not only for food, but also for support? or, of who first thought of packing them, so that they can be carried from one part of the world to another, so that we can choose whether we will have Scotch, Dutch, Norway, English, or American herrings? As a general rule every thing that is our own is the best, but it is not so in the case of herrings.

Long ago, early in the fifteenth century, there lived in the little town of Biervliet in Flanders a poor man, named Willem Beukels, who earned his living by catching herrings in the Sluys, as his father and grandfather before him had done. Then, as they had done, the herrings were salted in large, loose heaps. And many were lost and spoiled besides, only answering for the food of the fisherman and his near neighbors. Now it occurred to Willem it would be a saving of trouble and be more profitable to salt and pack the fish in small kegs, (or, as they call them now, lasts,) pretty much in the same way as it is done now. He did not know what a good thought that was of his, and how that one idea would cause his name to be remembered all these years, and that no one would do more to assist his people and country than he, a poor, uneducated fisherman. But so it was, and instead of losing any fish, or having them only for their own use, the fishermen packed them in lasts, and sent them to all parts of the then known world, — for Holland for many years supplied the world with herrings. The herring fishery became a great source of wealth to the Dutch, and did much towards making them what they afterward became, — a great and mighty people. At one time they employed two thousand boats in the fisheries, and more than two hundred thousand people had work for many months. The great Emperor Charles

V. thought Beukels such a benefactor to his people that he erected a statue to him, and on one of his journeys visited his tomb, and there ate a herring and drank a glass of wine to his memory. This little fish brought so much money into the Dutch treasury, that they were enabled many years after to maintain the war, under William the Silent, against the Emperor's son, Philip II.

Further back than that time, as early as when William the Conqueror came from Normandy to England, Yarmouth was famous for its fisheries, though they borrowed the idea of packing them from their neighbors long afterward. In 1857, the number of sloops from Yarmouth engaged in this one fishery was four hundred, and three of these sloops landed three millions seven hundred and sixty-two thousand fishes: think of that! and then can we wonder that there the *herring* fishery is called the "great" fishery, and that of the *whale* the "small"? The amount of money was also enormous, being more than five hundred thousand pounds. The Scotch fisheries are now the largest, and the Scotch herrings are called the best; and though here in our own country the fish are found in many places, still the great part of our supply comes from abroad. The great Baron Cuvier, speaking of the enormous quantities of herrings that come in a shoal, mentions a fisherman at Dieppe, France, who one night caught two hundred and eighty thousand herrings, and flung back as many more into the sea, his sloop being full. When we remember how small herrings are, it seems hardly possible that there could be so many in the whole ocean as they often take at one place in a single haul. Think of how many people would lose their only support, if the herrings should fail them, as the crops sometimes do the farmer; and how many depend on them for food! Why, if the ocean should cease to supply us with food, we should



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perish by thousands, for we have the authority of a great writer, who says, "that at least one fiftieth part of the whole human race live upon the produce of the sea."

The herring in the sea is very different from the little brown fish we see cooked on our tables. It is quite pretty: "from ten to thirteen inches long, the back and the upper portions of the sides sky-blue, with a tinge of sea-green; the belly and sides bright silvery; the cheeks and gill-covers tinged with gold."

The shoals make their appearance about the end of August, and are sometimes miles long, and so thickly wedged together that a spear thrown among them will stand upright. Thousands are devoured by larger fish and the birds that feed on fish; millions are caught by men, and yet the shoals show no signs of the many they have lost. The fishermen watch eagerly for their appearance, and when they do come all is bustle. The fishing is carried on at night, the boats having torches at bow and stern, so as not to run into each other; the

darker the night the better the fishing; and when there is a slight breeze, to see a whole fleet of boats in the bay, gliding about with their lanterns, is a very pretty sight. The nets are very large, long, and made of stout yarn, heavy enough to lie at the bottom of the bay without a weight being fastened to them; several short ropes are fastened to one long drift-rope attached to the vessel. The meshes of the net are large enough for the head of the fish and his front fins to pass through; once in, he is caught, and cannot go back. Often the load proves too heavy for even the very stout nets used, and the shoal break both net and rope, and the labor is lost. The herrings do not always come when and where they are expected, and as no reason is known for their strange conduct, at the time they are looked for a watch is kept all the time, to know the precise minute the shoal appears. So, even such a little, brown, ugly looking fish as a herring is, when we see it ready for eating, is of more importance to the world than we at first imagined. H. C.

### THE EXILES.

Poor, tired little girl!  
For many a mile and many a day  
Her weary feet have dragged their way,  
Since last she saw the fishers furl  
Their lateen sails in Naples' bay.

\* How oft those little feet  
Have pattered along the sandy beach,  
Scampering out of the big waves' reach;  
And now they ache on the stony street,  
As she tries in turn to rest on each.

She is thinking, poor thing,  
How once she played with her little pets,  
And watched the fishers mend their nets;  
And now she tries to dance and sing,  
Shaking for pence her castanets.

Poor exiles from a far-off home!  
Drifting away from shore to shore,  
From town to town, from door to door,  
Homeless and friendless they wearily roam,  
Till their hungry, wandering days are o'er.

### TERRA NOVA; OR, COAST LIFE IN NEWFOUNDLAND.

#### V.

A FEW days after the sailing of the fleet the wind came round to the east, and continued blowing from this quarter without intermission for nearly three weeks; and a more desolate, dreary time can scarcely be imagined. One night the Captain called us out to the door, and bade us look down the bay.

"Well, what d'ye see?" asked he, after we

had been straining our eyes and shivering in the keen, penetrating wind for some time.

We could see nothing but the inky waters of the bay foaming over the line of harbor ice and pounding it into lolly.

"Don't you notice that glare and gleam on the sky? Did you ever see any thing like that before?"

"We could n't say that we had.

"No! that you never did; without you see the reflexon of hundreds of miles of drift-ice thrown on to the sky," said he.

"Do you mean to say, then, Captain, that the regular drift-ice is so near as to make that gleam?"

"That's jess wot I does mean, lads; and don't you feel as ef the cold was creepin' into your bones and nippin' o' your vitals?"

Our chattering teeth answered this question in the affirmative.

"Well, then," said the Captain, "we'd better not stop out here any longer a-shiverin' and a-biverin'; because by to-morrer you'll see how Greenland ice looks."

To tell the truth, we were rather pleased at the prospect, — it would be quite a novelty! We had often heard and read of the ice-floes of Baffin's Bay, and it was really delightful to think that they were actually coming up *our* bay! We might be said to have had ice on the brain that night, for we could think, talk, and even dream about nothing else. The Captain told us a number of stories about his adventures among ice-fields and icebergs. One time his vessel was crushed by the ice, and he and his men barely escaped with their lives, having travelled over the ice four days, when they came up with a vessel. Another time he got frozen to a berg, and would certainly have lost his life had he not been discovered in time and rescued. Again, another time he and a companion were out after seals, and they fell through between two large pans of ice; he was the first to get out of the water, but just as the other man was half-way out, the pans came together with awful force and cut him in two! It would be impossible to recount all the wonderful perils and marvelous, hair-breadth escapes the old man experienced among the ice in his day.

We retired that night completely ice-bound; and as we lay awake thinking of the morrow, we were struck with the peculiarly hollow howl of the wind; it seemed to have a distant and desolate wail, as though it came all the way from the dolorous regions of the North.

When we awoke the next morning every thing was unusually silent. There was no moaning wind, no muffled roar of the waves, to which our ears had become accustomed. We drew aside the curtain of our window, and what a sight met our gaze! As far as the eye could reach, away over the wide bay, all was one solid "jam" of drift-ice! Great, irregular blocks, vast pans

pushed up into pyramids, spires, and pinnacles; here and there a comparatively level field inclosed by walls of crystal boulders; while in the far distance loomed up several immense bergs higher than the light-house lantern! We were enraptured; the show exceeded our expectations. Unfortunately our delight was not shared by any but the boys; the old folks, looked grave, and shook their heads, and said it was "a bad thing." Suppose it remained three weeks, a month, six weeks; suppose it refused to leave through April and May, — what then? Where would the sealing fleet be? What should we do for food? There was very little provisions in the stores. Only one vessel was expected from New York with flour and salt meat, — George Leslie's vessel. Suppose she could n't get in — what then? Starvation!

These doleful conjectures cast a shade over every face, except the boys, who enjoyed themselves hugely among the pans and pinnacles. This wonderful ice was unlike any we had ever seen. It was apparently as hard as marble and quite as white, except in the hollows and beneath the water, where it looked as green as emerald.

"And do you suppose it really came from Baffin's Bay?" we asked of the old Captain that night.

"Well, the Lord knows! It may be from Baffin's, or it may be from Greenland; but where-somdever it come from, 't is His holy will."

The Captain had scarcely delivered this, before the door opened and a tall, venerable old man entered, his long, straggling, white locks falling down over his stooping shoulders. He was saluted as Skipper Nat, and he turned out to be, like the old Captain, a superannuated sealer and planter. After informing Aunt Becky that "the Missis" did n't have a wink o' sleep all night thinking of the poor boys, and that small Gideon's sore was getting along, and that Susan, she was only so-so, the old Captain handed him the pipe of peace, and after a few whiffs he told us the story of how he was once cast away alone a day and a night on the ice, two hundred and fifty miles from "land or strand."

Captain or Skipper Nat Dawes, though not such an original character as Captain Scupper, was much better educated, and had seen more of the world.

"It was on the seventeenth day of March that we first fell in with the ice and the swiles," began Skipper Nat.

"Most commonly the case," observed Captain Scupper.



"Not a bit as big as my hand could be seen before that day, which was rather uncommon" —

"Well, in the spring of '29," interrupted Captain Scupper.

"Father!" exclaimed Mrs. Scupper, "let us hear Skipper Nat's story first, if you please, and yours after."

"Oh! sartin, sartin," said the Captain, subsiding into his chair.

"All the night before," continued Skipper Nat, "we could perceive a strong gleam away to the north and east, and as the wind was blowing pretty fresh from that quarter, we calculated that before many hours we should meet with the ice; for you know that a large body of ice on the ocean always throws up a gleam on the sky, which may be seen for many miles. And more than this, there was a damp chill in the air, and the waves were not heavy, all indications of ice nigh at hand."

"Yes; and there's another thing," burst out the old Captain once more.

"Well, my gracious me!" exclaimed Martha Ann; "law sakes alive! I never saw the likes of father!" and she expended the rest of her merry indignation on the lamp-wick. Captain Scupper having been reduced to silence, though reluctant to yield, Skipper Nat proceeded with his narrative.

"It was about noon on the 17th, when I was awoke out of a nap by a terrible pounding and grinding on the side of the vessel. I did n't know but what we had gone on a rock, and so I was n't long tumbling up on deck; and there we were, sure enough, in the midst of the ice, — ice, ice everywhere, except far to the south, the dark line of water. I'm sorry to say it was of a Sunday; but as our skipper had no scruples of conscience on that score, we were soon out with our bats and swile-ropes."

"Some o' the ma'chants nowadays won't give a man a vessel without he breaks the Sabbath a ketchin' swiles," growled Captain Scupper.

"True for you, Skipper Tom. Well, as I was going to say, before I left the vessel, I took a few cakes of bread, a junk of pork, and a small flask of rum; but, in my hurry and excitement, I forgot my little pocket-compass. The ice was n't level or close, but nobbly and rough, with a good deal of slosh and slob between the pans. Five of us left in the gang, and after we had got some distance from the schooner, and could come up with no swiles, (though we met with plenty of traces of them,) we somehow parted company; or, at least, I got parted from the rest. I was a young

fellow then, and fond of adventure, and the novelty of being alone so far out on the ocean, with nothing but ice and sky to look at, and the chance of taking the first pelts,\* caused me to forget every thing else. I did n't mark how the time went, or keep reckoning of my bearings and distances, or trouble myself about any thing in the wide world.

"Well, I was beginning to feel a little weary, as you may believe, lads, when I tell you that walking a mile or so over the drift-ice is something like travelling through a town by climbing over the houses."

"Yes," interposed Captain Scupper, "and the streets fathomless ditches, at that."

"That's true for you, Skipper Tom! Well, just as I was about to sit down and take a little rest and a bite o' bread, what should I see about a quarter of a mile away but a half-a-dozen swiles with their white coats † along with 'em, on a large flat pan sunning of themselves. To come up with 'em, I had to be pretty cautious, as the ice was open and they could easily plump in and escape; so I was forced to take a roundabout way, which of course lengthened out the quarter of a mile considerable. I was creeping along with my eye fixed on where the swiles were, when in I soused, head and ears under water! I had a good hold of my bat, which, resting both ends on the ice, enabled me soon to get out, and so I began tumbling after the swiles again. But, bless you! they were off while you'd say Jack Robinson. And now it was beginning to grow dusk, and heavy clouds were rising, and the weather looked threatening; and I can't tell how it was, but all at once I got bewildered, and did n't know north from south or east from west, or in what direction to face for the vessel. I could see or hear nothing of my chums, and did n't know what to do or which way to turn. No doubt the loose ice I was on was floating away at a quick rate. I shouted and whistled, but no answer came, and I could n't mind how the wind was blowing, and there was no guide above or around to tell me how to face. 'Well,' thinks I, 'Nat, my old boy, you're done for!'

"Just think of it, lads: two or three hundred miles out on the ocean on a pan of ice! Ah! that was a long, long night, to be sure. But there was no help for it, and so I had to make the best of it. If the ice did n't break up, I

\* The skin of the seal with the fat attached is called the pelt.

† The young seals, for three or four weeks after birth, are covered with a yellowish white fur or down, and hence the name of "white coat."

may be all right in the morning; but a pan of ice is n't the kind of raft a man would choose. I began to consider what was best to be done; and the first thing that occurred to me was to eat something, lest I should grow faint. I accordingly sat down very coolly on the ice, got out my pork and bread, and made a hearty meal, not knowing but what it would be the last I should ever taste in this world.

"It would never do to stand still — I should freeze; so I determined to travel before the wind. It was pretty dark, but any considerable hole or lake in the ice could be easily seen, so that by feeling my way with the gaff, and being pretty cautious, I continued to move along and keep my

blood in circulation. After going on in this manner, for perhaps two hours, I came to what is called a lake; that is, you know, an opening in the ice occasioned by the wind and tide acting in opposite directions. It extended as far as I could make out to my right and left, and was possibly about a hundred yards wide where I stood. There were several pans of various sizes floating across the water, upon one of which I thought I might ferry myself over; for the ice beyond seemed to be compact and safe. Well, I walked along the edge until I found a pan to suit me, and on it I got, and pushed off. Well, it was n't to say a big piece, — not much more than enough to bear me; but before I got half-way over, a



monstrous old hood\* lifted his head above water close by, and made for my 'boat.' I knew that if the fellow attempted to get on the pan along with me, it would n't do either of us any good; so I up and told him so, as loud as I could bawl. He gave one good look at me, as much as to say, 'Who be you?' and down he dropped like a large, slippery iron pot. As I said, I was about half-way over the lake, and was chuckling at my escape, when my raft gave a jolt, or lurch, that nearly capsized me, and on looking about to see the cause, if there was n't the old fellow again

\* A kind of seal that attains a very large size and is remarkable for having the power of blowing out a bag or skin that covers his head and renders him invulnerable when attacked.

with his head and flippers on the edge of the ice, — and a miserable ugly looking head he had, too! In a moment, another head popped up a little distance off; then another and another, till the whole lake, as far as I could see through the sleet and snow, seemed to be alive with swiles. 'Well, good-by, Nat,' thinks I; 'your funeral expenses won't cost much if these fellows have the burying of you!' But I did n't, to say, feel so much alarmed as excited, for the swile is naturally a mighty timid sort of thing, except when he can't get away, and then he'll show fight; but if they got me into the water — why, what was I? Only a mouthful apiece for 'em. Well, I looked round and let's a yell out of me as loud

as I could, 'Saucy Lass, ahoy!' (That was the name of our craft.) I heard one general splash all over the lake, and in a twinkling not a sign of a smile could be seen!

"After I got over that lake I came to another and yet another; the ice was n't so close as I thought. Daylight was beginning to glimmer, and I was pretty well used up, for want of rest and sleep. It seemed as if I could not possibly drag my weary limbs along any further, so I picked out a comfortable-looking lump of ice, and threw myself down for a nap. I suppose I must have been asleep some four or five hours; but the first thing I knew I heard voices over me. At last when I opened my eyes and came to myself, I see three of our own boys standing round me. And what is more, the vessel was close by. They heard me shouting in the night, and, like a pack of fools, thought 't was a ghost, and no one would venture out. And now here's a thing as always puzzled me; that is, whether I came to the vessel or the vessel came to me; but I can tell you, when I stood on her greasy deck, and had all the boys round me pawing me all over to make sure I was real flesh and blood, I felt thankful to God who is always so good to the poor sailor!"

"Well," said Captain Scupper, cutting up some tobacco, "you may say wot you like about them bein' fools fur thinkin' you was a screechin' ghost; but ef I did n't hear a sperrit screech one night out to the ice, why then my name is n't Tom Scupper, — that's all!"

We drew a little nearer to the fire and to each other while the old man in a hollow voice narrated this anecdote: —

"'T was on board the *Princess*, — a tarrible onfort'nate craft: so many of her hands loss their lives one time and another that she got to be called the 'coffin'; and at last 't was onpossible to get a dacent crew fur her; and so the skipper he had orders to accidentally plump her onto a rock, and let her go to the bottom. Well, 't was the third voyage afore this lucky misfortune: I was one of her crew. It was a tarrible dark night, — as dark a night as ever I knowed. You could n't see yer hand afore you on the deck. There was

scarce a puff o' wind, an' we was jess dodgin' along among loose pans of slob. All the men was below 'ceptin' the watch; and they was more 'n half asleep quiled up here an' there. Me and Dick Pippy was leanin' over the rail takin' a quiet smoke, and every thing was as still as a tomb, when all to onest there came two ov the onairthliest screams as ever mortal sinner hear. Me an' Dick made fur the fo'cassle hatch, and without waitin' fur no ladder, we came tumblin' down 'pon top o' four ov the boys as was drinkin' rum toddy and playin' five-an'-forties on the lid ov a trunk, upsettin' ov their lamp and glasses, and leavin' ov 'em all in black darkness. They hear the scream, too, and was as frightened as we was; an' I'm blest ef one ov us could be got to go up on deck as fur as the galley and git a light! And more than this, there was poor Billy Simmons in his bunk, laid up with fever, moanin' an' groanin' fur a drink o' tay as was bilin' in the galley fur 'en, and no one would venture up to save his life. At last poor Billy says, in a groan, says he, 'Boys, is you goin' to lave a poor fella die?' says he; 'I would n't sarve any o' you so!' And more he would n't, fur he was one of the kindest and onselfishest chaps I ever see. And with that, Pippy, he says, 'Go, I will, what-somedever comes!' 'And so will I,' chimed in the rest of us. So up we runs; and the first man that pokes his head through the hatchway, (Pippy, I b'lieve it was,) he cries out 'Fire!' and sure enough, the galley was all ablaze; for the cook and the rest of 'em had scampered down the companion, and was shiverin' their shoes off into the cabin. Well, to make a long story short, it took us a good spell to dowl the flames and save the ship; but when we come down into the fo'cassle agin, there was pore Simmons to the foot of the ladder, and he stone dead! Yes, — tarrible! awful! I s'pose the pore fella, — when he hear the cry o' fire, and saw he was leff alone, — got out ov his bunk an' tried to come on deck; but he was too faint, and let go of his holt, and so broke his neck! Then we knowed what the screams meant. Talk about fools, indeed!"

HARRY BOLINGBROKE.



## AMONG THE TREES.

[*Sagittaria salicifolia* — Arrow-head (reduced.)]

September 27.

SINCE I wrote you we have been staying with friends in a charming New England village. The nice, comfortable, and, in many instances, handsome residences, are built at varying distances along the rural, irregular street for one or two miles. Overhung with fine trees, Elm, Maple, and Linden, with now and then the pensive droop of a Willow, this old street is beautiful and picturesque at all times, and somehow every thing that passes along partakes of the same character. The great loads of hay touched by the down-drooping branches, the tasteful turn-outs of the wealthy inhabitants, the gay picnic parties often seen, the ladies on horseback, the vehicles of every description, the every-day walkers along, — all are seen through cathedral-like arches, taking that peculiar aspect which makes you say, "It looks just like a picture." The windows overlooking the western hills and vales give charming

groupings of trees in the meadows and on the slopes. Clumps of graceful Elms, masses of thick-boughed Maples and Chestnuts, here and there the majestic individuality of a towering Hickory, or the light shaft of a Poplar, giving amidst the more rounded foliage a most harmonious grace and finish; while the broken hills in the distance, with mists, and cloud-shadows, and sunshine, all make beautiful and continual pictures.

One morning there was a wedding in the village. A young lady living in one of the finest old houses, was married, and that day the beautiful town wore its fairest aspect. We had the opportunity of seeing the wedding guests wending their way up the long street on a most glorious midsummer morning. The carriages of those who rode glanced in the mellow light; and, far more picturesque than these, ladies in light and graceful dresses, with no bonnets, and with roses in their hair, with parasols and floating scarfs, walked with attending cavaliers in the cool shadows of the heavy foliage. "Peace charmed the earth beneath their feet," and we could but wish that the bride, in the far western home to which she was going, might find something as beautiful as the home she was leaving. The village lies in a wide-spreading valley, surrounded on all sides by bold hills. The view from any of these hills is fine enough to repay one for climbing to the top: houses with gardens and shrubbery, the long street marked by embowering trees, the airy spire of the village church, white and delicately tapering; the broad meadows streaming far away, till the hills stop them, rich with waving grain and the luxuriance of grass; and occasionally the vivid green of a tobacco field, all edged with the curving graces of the river. The natural situation of the village is beautiful, but half its charm is owing to the good taste which has spared and protected the noble trees which so adorn it. Upon a steep pile of rocks above the town, called the "Ledge," Helen found the very flower that Elsie Venner, in the "Professor's Story," used to bring so mysteriously to her favorites, the *Atragene-Americana*. At least, we thought it must be that, though it was late in the season when we found it, and but one battered blossom was left; but we examined it botanically, and found it to agree in all respects with the description. It was a tubular flower of bluish purple color, an inch or more in length, and grew upon an angular vine, with two flower-



stalks springing with a whorl of leaves from the nodes of the stem. We could see the remains of former flower-stalks along the branches, and what perhaps made us feel certain about it, was the remark of a gentleman that plenty of rattlesnakes had been seen in the neighborhood of the Ledge. After this testimony, our excursions were made in other directions. There were many other charming spots in that romantic region, where no such danger lurked that we knew of. We went one day with a party to the top of one of the highest mountains, where was a stone tower, from the summit of which the view was delightful, looking over a lovely country for miles and miles.

Just below this tower lies a beautiful little lake, shut in by high rocks and hills, where the summer sky, and the rocks, and headlands, were so wonderfully mirrored that they looked even more distinct within than without. Here we found a pretty little water-plant, with smooth heart-shaped leaves, upon which rested clusters of delicate white blossoms, which bore the romantic name of Floating-heart, or *Limnanthus-lucanotum* botanically. Upon the mountain we found the *Circea-Alpina*, or, to use the common name, which is even more imposing, Enchanter's Nightshade. This weird and mysterious appellation justifies one in expecting something wonderful. If any wonder there is, it is not in the external appearance, for you see only the most innocent, harmless-looking, fragile little plant, with tender green leaves, and flowers so little that you can hardly see them. It is pretty enough, for every thing almost that grows is pretty in its way, but this is a very small way. Lower down on the hills we found the Wild Sensitive Plant, (*Cassia-nictitans*), and this plant has a sentiment and an interest of its own. You cannot but feel a tenderness for it, as you see the delicate leaflets shut, and the leaf-stalks droop at the touch of an intruding hand. In this vicinity, also, we found the graceful *Spiranthes-gracilis*, or Ladies'-tresses, —fragrant little white flowers, growing spirally around a slender stem; also the *Trichostema-dichotomum*, or Blue Curls, as it is called, with balsamic odor, and the delicate blue stamens meeting in a most perfect arch above the petals. On the borders of the lake the sweet-scented Clethra grew in profusion, filling the air with fragrance, and the downy racemes of pretty white blossoms reaching so far over the water as to be easily picked as we sailed along. We found Pink Yarrow also, as well as white, and it is very pretty, though some of our party seemed to look upon it

as a most ungainly weed. There are few plants which are so ungainly as to be totally uninteresting to those who have made friends all along the woodland paths. The simplest little blossom has a charm for the eye and heart. Aunt Emily says that her affection for all these rural acquaintances increases every year, and the pleasure of meeting them is akin to the delight felt in welcoming "the tried, the trusted, and the well-beloved."

While we were in this New England region, a little boy in the family where we were staying came in one day from a forest ramble with something which his young eye had perceived was a rarity. He presented the plant to Aunt Emily, and as we gathered around to look at it, we all exclaimed, "It is the Walking Fern!" and so to be sure it was that very Walking Fern we had so hunted for; we knew it instantly from its exact resemblance to the drawing we had. It was about six inches long, the slender, tapering end curving down to the ground, and at the point where it touched, the little new plant was just beginning to grow. We were very glad to see it, and our enthusiastic welcome drew from our youthful friend the declaration that he would find us a hundred if we wanted them.

September 30.

From this village we went still further east, until we found ourselves in a hospitable mansion which overlooks the glorious ocean. Here, (with a few green fields intervening,) at the base of a rocky cliff, dashes forever the mysterious Sea, about which so much has been said and sung, but whose mysteries yet remain as exhaustless as its own depths. That low ocean-roar forever sounding, how it awes and enchains the spirit, belonging, I think, to the same class of sounds as the sighing of the pine-trees and the moaning of the ocean-shell. As I listened in the night it came surging on and on, every wave sounding nearer, until I had resolutely to shake down my rising terror, and realize that it was impossible for the next boom to come sweeping over the top of the house. Here, from the chamber-windows, before you rise in the morning, you can see "the stately ships go by," and all night the wondrous eyes of the light-houses are keeping watch for the homeward-bound mariner. How wonderfully interesting to us were all these ocean arrangements; how we watched the light-houses, the revolving one especially; and how strange and perilous seems the life of the sailor when one gazes into these solemn ocean depths, and contrasts their treacherous flow with the good, old, solid earth. How

we marveled that any one could be courageous enough to "go to sea," though Helen and I think that living in a light-house must have a dash of the sublime in it. Isabella says she cannot understand why every thing connected with fish, fishermen, and fishing-boats, is so charming in poetry and so extremely the reverse in reality. "The fisher is out on the sunny sea," how poetical! but let him come in to clean the fish, and the tide turns at once, and the fastidious singer of ocean songs feels no inclination to pursue the investigations.

We enjoyed perfect happiness, I was going to say, and I may as well say it, for it was perfect of its kind, on the silvery sands of Massachusetts Bay, and among the grand old rocks which guard the coast, seamed and channeled as they are by the buffetings and caressings of the capricious waters.

We gathered sea-weeds for pressing, — those delectable sea-weeds. I will keep these till you come, and then we will arrange them, for they will come out as fair as ever after being dried for months, if placed in water. I have a great bunch of them in safe-keeping; and though, as a lady said who saw them, "they look like horrid trash," yet within them is enshrined the delicate grace, the lovely coloring, the odor of ocean.

One day I was at my accustomed employment, choosing with intense interest from the wet heaps thrown upon the beach, "the fairest I could see," when a laborer who was filling a cart with the coarse sea-weeds came up to me and said, "Would you like a few *feathers*?" I did not know what feathers were in connection with this sea-weed, but I had an intuition that they were something to be desired, and replied with genuine interest, "Oh yes, I should like them very much." He thrust his hands into his old pea-jacket pockets, and drawing out the feathers, placed them in my hands. They were the most delicate and fairy-like of sea-weeds, — a sort of gossamer, feathery plume two or three inches long, of a soft pearly gray, and glistening all over with diamond-like sparkles. I was enchanted with their graceful beauty. "Do not you wish for them yourself?" I said, for I felt that I should hate to give away such treasures. "Oh no, Miss," he replied, laughing, "I don't want 'em; I always picks 'em up to give the ladies, they think so much of 'em." And the ladies with whom we were staying told us that these feathers are greatly prized by the sea-weed pressers. How pretty it was in that common laborer to take care of these delicate little things "for the ladies."

We hoped there would be a rousing storm during our sea-side visit, to make the sea roar and the waves dash "mountains high." One of our party could not but think it would be an interesting incident if a noble vessel, freighted with the wonders of Eastern or Western Indies, should be wrecked in sight of the parlor-windows; no one injured of course, but the officers and passengers brought up to the mansion-house on masts and spars and sails, and such things, in a state of slight insensibility, to be restored and entertained by the ladies. But this trifling gratification was not afforded us, for the sea was calm as a summer's morning all the time we stayed. Then we hoped we might see what the ladies of the family often did see through spy-glasses, one of the gentleman's ships "come sailing up to the strand," and know it far out at sea by the signals which he uses, before he knew any thing about it himself. But we watched for them in vain, though three were daily expected. Then we tried in vain at any one time to count three hundred sail in sight, which they often do from the piazza; never more than forty or fifty, and at one time sixty, would obey our spell. Then we looked for whales with not very good success, though they are frequent visitors. One day one of the ladies threw down the spy-glass through which she was looking, with an exclamation of terror, which was succeeded by a hearty laugh when she said she thought a whale was spouting close beside her, so near did the glass seem to bring him. Neither would the sea-serpent come at our call, though Helen and I took observations when we had possession of the glasses, because there was a rumor that some fishermen had seen recently in this vicinity what they "took to be" this bewildering individual. But we found enjoyment enough without these extras; and a sea-beach, with its grand rocks washed by the Atlantic Ocean, is surely enough to satisfy.

Within doors, the gentleman has, in a room arranged for them, a large collection of African birds of rare species and brilliant plumage. One kind, which they call the *Celestials*, of a delicate sky-blue, with touchings of soft gray, are perfectly bewitching. These little creatures will seize in their beaks slender straws which are put into their cages, and dance with a regular and harmonious movement up and down, singing a sweet and peculiar note, which they never sing at any other time, and which the family recognize as the "dancing tune" whenever they hear it. This dancing comes natural, as they have never been taught. Some of the other small birds often

imitate them, and succeed very well, though the palm of fairy like grace must be awarded to the Celestials.

Then there were the beautiful Cardinal, or Whydar birds, with glossy plumage, long sweeping tails, and brilliant coloring around the throat. Another handsome bird was of emerald green of a most vivid tint, with little blocks of black and white around the neck, and a most demure phiz above it. This bird is quite large, and in a cage by himself. He never sings, and wears a solemn and somewhat melancholy aspect, and you would infer instantly on looking at him that he did not approve of dancing; but whenever the merry little Celestials strike up their dancing tunes, he will creep up the side of his cage in a most peculiar style, with fantastic twirls, till he reaches the wires at the very top, when he will twist himself about, and bend his grave visage over as far as possible to look at them, uttering at intervals a chuckle which sounds like a laugh, and as if he enjoyed what was going on. Then the gentleman took us in town, and we went with him to his wharves and his warehouses, and saw his ships which sail away to that mysterious and wondrous Africa, and come back laden with gums and spices, and rare woods, and ivory, and gold-dust. It seemed just like the "Arabian Nights." In one room were piled the elephants' tusks, and I must confess that I was disappointed when I saw these. I expected to see them white as snow, but they were a dingy brown. The white is in them, however, to be evoked at the right time. Something besides white is in them also, for the clerk told us the value of one of these unsightly tusks. I am afraid to tell you what he said it was worth, fearing that I do not remember

it rightly, but it seemed incredible to ears un instructed in such lore. On the morning of the day we left, we were called in season to go upon the balcony and see

"the crimson streak on ocean's cheek  
Grow into the great sun;"

and with this glorious picture freshly painted on memory, we bade farewell to the kind friends, the pleasant mansion, the varied scenery of land and wave, the calm majesty of Massachusetts Bay sparkling in the morning sun, and with glancing white sails enough to make three hundred, we verily believed, if we could only have stopped to count them.

As we rode away on that brilliant morning from those wide, wide waters, weltering away far as the eye or the thought could reach, we felt that hereafter the Ocean, as well as Mountains, would be to us a necessity of existence.

FLOWERS FOUND IN SEPTEMBER.

CLASS.	ORDER.	GENUS. — SPECIES.	COMMON NAME.
1.	Ranunculaceae,	Atragene — Americana,	Purple Clematis.
"	59. Compositae,	Aster — spectabilis,	Blue Aster.
"	60. Lobeliaceae,	Epiphogus — Virginiana,	Beech-drops.
"	83. Gentianaceae,	Gentiana — crinita,	Fringed Gentian.
"	"	Gentiana — Andreinii,	Closed Gentian.
"	62. Ericaceae,	Clethra — alnifolia,	Sweet Pepper-bush.
"	181. Xyridaceae,	Xyris — bulbosa,	Water Star-grass.
"	8. Nymphaeaceae,	Nymphaea — odorata,	White Water Lily.

MARY LORIMER.

## BETS AND BETTING.

## PART I.

ONE afternoon William Gay and his friend John Turner, having been at play for some time, began to get tired; so they went to the front of the house and sat down upon the steps of the piazza to see the carts and wagons pass by. After they had been sitting there for some time, and had found that the sight of the carts and wagons was, after all, not very amusing, William proposed that they should go down to the mill.

"Oh, there is no fun in going to the mill," replied John.

"When the water is so low. It does not come over the dam at all now, and so there are no falls. There is not water enough to keep the mills a-going more than half the time."

"That will give us a better chance," said William, "to run about on the rocks under the dam, and see the churns."

"The churns?" repeated John. "What churns?"

"Why, the great holes worn in the rocks by

the water," said William. "The men call them churns."

"O William!" exclaimed John, in an incredulous tone, "water could not wear holes in rocks."

"Yes," replied William, "it can and it does, — round holes, and very deep. Some of them are as big as a barrel, and as deep; and they are as round, and as smooth inside, as if they were real churns."

"O William," said John. "I don't believe a word of it."

"It is true," replied William.

"And if there are any holes there, I don't believe the water made them," continued John. "It could not make holes in solid rock. The water is too soft, and the rock is too hard."

"It does make such holes," said William. "I'll bet you it does."

"What will you bet?" asked John.

"I'll bet a dollar," said William.

"No," replied John, shaking his head, "I won't bet a dollar."

"It is because you know you would lose," said William.

"No," replied John; "it is because I know you would lose, and then would n't pay."

"Yes, I would," replied William. "What makes you think I would not pay?"

"Because you have not got a dollar."

"I have," replied William. "I have got more than a dollar."

William said this somewhat hesitatingly, — not, however, because there was any doubt about his having a dollar of his own, but because there was a great deal of doubt whether his mother would allow him to use the money for the purpose of paying a bet.

The rule was in respect to his spending-money, — which consisted of an allowance of so much a week, — that William was permitted to spend it just as he pleased, with the sole restriction that he was not to expend it for any thing dangerous or injurious to himself or to others, or for any thing wrong.

If any purchase which he wished to make was only a foolish one, he was allowed to make it, if he chose. His mother would give him her advice, or her opinion, if he asked for it, but the decision was left entirely to him in the end. She knew very well that wisdom in respect to the use of money was only to be learned by experience, and that if boys were not allowed to acquire their experience by means of small sums, when they were young, there would be great danger

that they would sacrifice large sums, in the acquisition, when they were older.

William always carried a small portion of his money with him, in his pocket, and he was allowed to expend small sums for such purposes as had been previously approved by his mother, at such times and in such ways as seemed to him best. But for any large sum, that is, any thing over ten cents, and for any new purpose, even if the amount was under ten cents, he was required to ask his mother's consent beforehand.

Accordingly, the reason why he hesitated about saying that he had a dollar to pay his bet, was his doubt whether his mother would allow him to use his money for such a purpose. He had a vague idea in his mind that betting was, somehow or other, wrong. Though, on reflection, he did not see any good reason why it should be so.

"I don't see why it is not perfectly fair," he said to himself in thinking about it. "If he is so sure that water does not make any holes, that he is willing to bet, then he runs the risk of losing a dollar if he is wrong; but then he has a chance of gaining a dollar if he is right, and one just balances the other. I don't see why it is not perfectly fair."

Still he had a secret feeling that betting was not right, or at least, was thought not to be right by all respectable people, and that his mother would by no means be likely to consent to his paying a bet out of his spending-money, — especially a bet for so large a sum as a dollar.

"I'll bet you an apple," said John, after a short pause.

"No," replied William. "I can get as many apples as I want, without any betting for them."

"Then I'll tell you what I will do," rejoined John. "I'll bet you a ride on my back."

"What do you mean by that?" asked William.

"Why, I mean that if we find there are any holes as big as a barrel worn by the water in solid rock, I will give you a ride on my back; and if there are no such holes, then you shall give me a ride on your back."

"How far must I carry you?" asked William.

"As far as you can," said John.

"Well," said William, "agreed."

So the bet was agreed upon, and the boys set off together to go down to the dam, in order to see whether there were any holes in the rocks there as big as a barrel, that had been worn by the water.



On the way down to the mill, the boys passed an oak-tree which was growing by the side of the road.

"Let us stop here," said William, "and get some acorns to play nine-pins with."

"Hoh!" exclaimed John, "they are not ripe yet."

"No," replied William, "they are not ripe, but they are pretty nearly full grown, and at any rate, they are big enough to play nine-pins with."

The boys had a way of playing nine-pins by means of acorns, by setting them up and then knocking them down by rolling marbles at them, using the marbles as nine-pin balls. While they were talking about this, and looking up into the tree to see whether the acorns were big enough, John suddenly exclaimed, looking along the road toward the mill, and speaking in a tone of alarm,—

"William! William! here comes Tom Jenks."

Tom Jenks was a dog—a large, black, watchdog. His real name was Ptolemy. It was taken from the name of a famous dynasty of Egyptian kings. But as this was rather a long name to speak, the boys usually contracted it to Tom; and as his master's name was Jenks, the dog was generally known by the name of Tom Jenks. The boys were a good deal afraid of Tom Jenks. It was said that he had bitten some boys at different times. So the children called him an ugly dog, and many of them were afraid to go near him. It was not, however, really Ptolemy's fault that he had this reputation. He was a business dog, kept for duty and work, and when the boys came to interfere with him, instead of entering into their fun, he would growl and snarl; and if they persisted, he would bite them.

Besides his daily duty of watching about the house, and drawing the baby in a little go-cart which had been made for him, with harness complete, he used to go every week to the post-office, and to the printing-office, to bring the letters and the newspaper. His master, Mr. Jenks, very seldom had any letters, and so the main thing was the paper. Ptolemy had a bag fastened to his neck, large enough to contain the newspaper and a letter or two. He would go with his bag first to the printing-office, and there the printer's boy would put the paper in the bag. Next he would go to the post-office, and the girl who delivered the letters there would put the letters in, if there were any, and then he would set out on his way home.

If, in coming or going, any of the boys attempted to stop him, he would growl at them in a very ferocious manner; and once he actually

bit a boy who attempted to intercept him on his way, and did not stop for his growling.

"I don't care for your growling," said the boy. "I'm determined to see whether you have got any letters to-day in your bag. If you dare to bite me, I'll break your head."

So the boy, coming up before Ptolemy, suddenly seized him by the collar. Ptolemy at first only growled fiercely, and showed his teeth, not wishing to bite the boy if he could help it. But a moment afterward, feeling the boy's hand upon the bag, he bit him severely in the calf of the leg. The boy cried out with the pain, and let go of the dog. Ptolemy walked off very deliberately, as if nothing had happened. As soon as the boy recovered from his astonishment, he seized a stone and threw it after the dog with all his might. The stone came swiftly through the air, struck the ground behind Ptolemy, and rolled along the ground by the side of him. Ptolemy took no notice of it, but walked quietly on.

The boy then went on into the village crying and moaning, and told the people that Tom Jenks came up and bit him when he was walking; and when they asked him what he did to the dog to make him bite him, he said, "Nothing at all."

Sensible people did not believe this, knowing very well that the principle, "You let me alone, and I will let you alone," was an established rule of conduct with Ptolemy in all cases. But some of the boys believed it, or half believed it, and this and some other similar stories had had the effect of giving Ptolemy rather a bad reputation among the children of the village; and even boys as big as William and John were somewhat afraid when they saw him coming,—especially if it was in any lonesome place, where there were no people going along the road, and no houses very near.

Accordingly, on this occasion, when the boys saw Ptolemy coming, they were a little afraid.

"Here comes Tom Jenks," said John.

"Let's climb up into the tree till he goes by," said William.

No sooner said than done. The tree stood near the fence by the side of the road, and by climbing upon the fence the boys could reach the lower limbs of the tree very easily, and so climb up. They hurried up, one after the other, and succeeded in establishing themselves safely among the branches, about ten feet from the ground, before the dog came to the place.

If the boys had been satisfied with this, and had remained quiet in their place of refuge, all would probably have been well. But they could

not resist the temptation of triumphing a little over Ptolemy on account of their having, as they supposed, so completely baffled him. Now it is generally best, when you gain the victory over any opponent or enemy, to be content with the victory, without the triumph. By triumphing over him, and boasting of having carried your point, you only exasperate him, and arouse him to fresh efforts against you. A conqueror should always spare the feelings of the conquered as much as he can.



The boys, however, did not act on this principle in this case. When they found themselves safe in the tree, out of Ptolemy's reach, they could not resist the temptation of exulting in their success, and in having, as they thought, thwarted and outwitted their enemy. So when Ptolemy came along opposite to where they were, they began to bark at him, and to crow like a cock, and utter other such sounds, in token of triumph and defiance.

If the boys had been quiet, Ptolemy would probably have gone by without taking any notice of them. But the hearing of such extraordinary sounds as these, coming too from the top of a tree, at once arrested his attention. He thought that there must be some wild animals in the tree,

and that it was his duty to stop and see to them. So he came up to the foot of the tree and began to bark violently.

The boys were at first a little alarmed, and began at once to climb up higher. They soon found, however, that Ptolemy could not climb up in the tree, and being thus assured of their safety, they began to bark, and to crow, and to howl, and to make all manner of uncouth noises, louder than ever. Ptolemy all the time remained at the foot of the tree barking violently, and scarcely knowing what to make of the game that he had treed, for the branches and leaves were so thick that he could not make out the forms of the boys very well.

The affair might still, after all this, have passed off without any serious consequences, if William had not had the misfortune, in moving about among the branches, to knock off his cap. He tried to catch it as it fell, but it eluded his grasp, and down it went to the ground. Ptolemy immediately sprang upon it and seized it, and began shaking it and growling over it in the most ferocious manner, as if he thought it was one of the animals that had been barking at him from the tree.

William and John both began to shout to the dog to make him stop. "Get out!" they said. "Get out!" "Off with you!" "Let that cap alone!" "Get out!" "Get out!" But all was of no avail. The dog continued to bite and shake the cap, and growl over it fiercely for some minutes, and then seizing it with his teeth he ran off with it along the road for a short distance, in triumph.

Presently, however, he stopped, and began biting and shaking the cap again. But after a few minutes spent in this way, finding that the cap showed no signs of life, he finally left it lying there by the side of the road, and went off, walking with his usual grand and dignified air, toward the village.

The boys immediately climbed down from the tree, and William, as soon as he reached the ground, ran off after his cap. He found that it was nearly spoiled.

He took it up from the ground, and shook it and brushed it as well as he could, and then examined the rents, and brought the edges of them together, as if he vainly imagined that in that way they could be united again.

"What a pity!" said he.

"Yes," said John. "It is the ugliest dog I ever saw in my life."

"It is of no use for us to go on down to the

mill, now," said he. "This cap is not fit to wear."

"No," said John.

"We must go back home again," said William.

"Yes, I suppose we must," said John.

So the boys turned, and went slowly homeward.

When they reached the house where William lived, William went in, of course, carrying his cap in his hand, while John went on toward his own home.

William proceeded at once to the parlor to show his cap to his mother. He always went directly to her in such a case, whether the mischief that had been done was his own fault, or only an accident, for which he was not to blame. In either case, he thought that the sooner it was settled the better. Whether his mother would consider that he had been to blame in this affair or not, he did not know.

His mother was sitting near the window, sewing, when he came in. He went up toward her with his cap in his hand.

"Look, mother," said he, holding up his cap, and with an expression of great concern on his countenance. "See my cap! Ruined!"

His mother looked at it a moment without speaking, and then said, "Yes, I see it is."

"It is Tom Jenks's work," said William. "Tom Jenks did it. He is the worst dog that ever I saw."

"How was it?" said his mother. "Tell me how it happened."

"And be honest in telling the story," she added, as William was about to begin. "Indeed I think you ought to be something more than honest, you ought to be generous even. Remember that Tom Jenks is not here to tell his side of the story, and so you must give the account for him and for you too. And be generous toward him, and make the case as favorable for him as you can."

So William began and told the whole story, and I think he told it quite fairly, on the whole. At any rate, he did not say any thing to blame the dog, but only narrated the facts just as they occurred.

When he had finished his account, he paused, waiting to see whether his mother would blame him much for what he had done. Now Mrs. Gay was always very particular whenever any damage was done by children, or any injury resulted in any way from their mismanagement or imprudence, to distinguish carefully between the

*injury* done, and the *blame* fairly incurred by the child in doing it, — two things which people very often confound in forming their judgments of the conduct of children. For instance, if a boy is going with his little sister to bring a pitcher of milk from the grocer's store, and puts his pitcher down upon the sidewalk, in order that he and his sister may stop with some other children to play, he is very much to blame. It makes no difference in respect to his being to blame whether any body runs against the pitcher and spills the milk, or not. The wrong in him is in putting down his pitcher, and leaving it exposed while he goes away to play; and that wrong is not made any greater or any smaller by what takes place afterward — that is, whether any body comes and upsets it or not. The misfortune is greater if the pitcher gets broken, and the milk spilt, but the fault of the boy is no greater.

But then on the other hand, though one boy might put down his pitcher in order to go and play, another in a different case might put his down in order to help his little sister who had fallen and got hurt. Now the first boy would be very much to blame, even though no harm happened to his pitcher, while the other boy would not be to blame at all, even though his pitcher were broken to pieces, and all the milk spilled by some one's running against it.

Mrs. Gay understood all this perfectly well, — and when any accident of this kind happened, in determining how much she was to find fault with William, her way was to consider, not how much the damage was that was done, — but how much in the wrong William had been in the causing of it.

Accordingly in this case, after William had told his story, and while he was waiting to hear what she would say, she was asking herself the question, how much a boy was to blame who should climb up into a tree and bark at a dog going by, in case he did *not* happen to drop his cap, and no harm came from it.

After thus thinking on the subject for a moment, she said, —

"I don't think you were very much to blame, though you acted imprudently."

"Imprudently?" repeated William.

"Yes," said his mother. "It is always imprudent and foolish to taunt and exasperate those that we think are hostile to us, even when we believe we are safe out of their reach."

William had nothing to say against this principle, and so he was silent.

"When we think any body feels any ill-will

against us," continued Mrs. Gay, "we ought always to act in such a way as to diminish this ill-will if we can, and not to irritate and increase it. We may think we are safe from them, and we may be safe in some respects; but we never can tell in what unknown or unexpected ways they may contrive to injure us."

"I am sure I never thought of his getting hold of my cap," said William.

"No," said Mrs. Gay, "I think no one would have thought of that. But now you must take your cap out into the yard and brush it thoroughly, so as to get all the dust out of it, and then take a wet sponge and sponge out all the spots. After you have done that, come to me and I will give you a needle and thread, and you may mend it. You must darn up all the rents as carefully and neatly as you can."

"Can't you mend it for me, mother?" said William.

"I could," replied his mother, "but I think you ought to do it."

"But you said, mother, that I was not to blame."

"I said you were not much to blame," replied his mother, "but it is not for punishment that you are to mend the cap, but only to repair the damage. It was not so much a fault as a misfortune, but it was your misfortune and not mine; and the general rule is that misfortunes must lie where they fall."

"What do you mean by that, mother?" asked William.

"Why, that rule means that all must bear the consequences of their own losses and misfortunes as far as they can, and not put them off upon other people. Don't you think that is fair?"

"Yes, mother," replied William. "I think it is, — and I'll mend my cap as well as I can."

He did afterward mend his cap, so as to make it fit to wear again in certain cases, — as for instance when he went into the woods to build bonfires, or went a-fishing on rainy days. But he was obliged to buy a new one for ordinary wear.

This accident of course interrupted for a time all proceedings in relation to the bet. How the question was finally settled, will appear in the next number.

JACOB ARBOTT.

## THE "ONCE UPON A TIME CLUB."

### HAZELTEEN'S STORY OF "THE HAUNTED HOUSE."

It was an evening of midsummer, the close of a most bow-wow-y dog-day, a day that had tried teachers and pupils. After tea, and even when the sun had disappeared, it yet remained too hot for the usual games. The twilight rolled down without a puff of air to move its dusky folds. The boys, with shirt-collars unbuttoned and jackets laid beside them, sat on the back piazzas of the school-house, and on the orchard fence, fanning themselves with caps and handkerchiefs. They wiped their foreheads, hitched up their trousers now and then, phewed and whistled, but were too much used up by the heat for sport or much conversation. Even the birds seemed disturbed by the oppressive air. They could not get settled comfortably on the orchard limbs, but flitted about in the uncertain light from twig to twig, and uttered little unusual notes of discontent. The tree-toads piped for wind or rain, and the cows, left for the night on the pasture-lot, lowed murmuringly for unlimited water. Only the quick-glimmering fire-flies, and the fat toads loafing in hops from beneath steps and stones,

seemed to enjoy the hot, hot August night. A servant went out to the well, and as the cool sound of the running chain and the splash of the bucket reached the boys' ears, there was a general move for water. That little suggestion of refreshment served to waken them from their warm drowsiness, and in a few moments there were a score huddled about the old-fashioned well-frame, first in a cheerful contest for cool drinks, and then pouring cups full on each other's heads. Satisfied in those ways, they set to work ducking one another with every dripping bucketful.

Rough called from his perch on the fence, "You will be nice-looking fellows for evening study, won't you? and the bell will ring soon."

"Oh confound that bell," said some one else. "I wish this hot night might melt its old clapper. Halloo! look!"

We turned in the direction indicated, and there saw the molten-colored moon rising above the hill beyond our orchard, and dispelling the evening obscurity with a flood of gold-dust light; it was as if the moon had been heated too.



"That's stunning, isn't it? Hot looking, though," said Grant.

"Yes," replied Rough, "it is like the light from a tremendous blacksmith forge."

"Don't you feel as if you were being quick-prestoed off by magic to some far-away scene?" slowly inquired Charley Balch, who was lying along the top of the fence, and had raised his head to face the moon.

"Yes," said Hazelteen. "I know just what you mean, for it almost seems to me as if I were in some Turkish city, or at any rate it makes me imagine how such a place looks in the moonlight. It seems as if I could see lounging figures in turbans, and with chibouks in their mouths. You and Rough sort of look so in the light through those branches; and I fancy I see mosques and minarets away off there, and silver crescents above them. I can almost smell coffee and tobacco."

"What a nose!" laughed out Rough, in his deep, strong voice, and with his comically practical manner he continued, — "Blow it, and try if you can't smell a grain of opium."

"Oh stop your nonsense, Rough," said Ben Barry, in most sneering tones as the laughter at Rough's characteristic remark ceased; "how devoid of poetry you are. Why now I was pretty near Hazelteen then, and, under the enchantment, my eyes were just caught by the figure of a moonstruck houri, who had lost her balance, and was falling from the fourteenth story of an ivory harem, plump on the top of Bill's head."

Both Rough's and Barry's remark were greeted with laughter. Hazelteen, too, was amused by Rough's joke, but not so by Ben Barry's; for though the latter's words sounded apparently as harmless, yet there was something sneering and offensive in the tone with which they were uttered, and Barry *intended* to make Hazelteen appear ridiculous. He wished to snub him, and he took every occasion that offered to do so.

To do Barry justice, I don't believe he really disliked Hazelteen, but they moved on different levels, and Barry liked to throw stones at whatever flew above him.

As the fellows laughed at the way in which Hazelteen's little bit of romance was snubbed, Ben Barry and some others moved off, whilst Charley Balch remained with Hazelteen, and a few others, grouped about Rough still seated on the fence.

"Why," said Rough, — they sometimes called him "King Rough," — laughing again, "you are rather touchy, Will; you can't take a joke."

"Yes, I can, King Rough, take a joke; your's I don't mind, but there is always a snag in Barry's. If you said the very same words as he, they would sound jolly, but with Barry — well, never mind, only I *don't* like his fun."

"I know," replied Rough, speaking seriously now, "that there is a black streak in Barry with all his good companionship, and somehow I guess he is n't true blue, for Mr. Norris has never seemed to put any confidence in him; but then, Will, my young knight, you are too high-strung — just remember how you flew at "Cooley" when we badgered Mr. Cozzens that time in study, and I believe that sailor, MacGray, is going to turn out in time a splendid fellow. He has got fine old stuff in him, notwithstanding he has had more kicks than pats in his experiences."

"Yes, I like Horace first rate, but he is an out-an'-out-er, and shows his colors always."

"But," Rough interrupted, "was n't he an independent, rebellious blackguard at first? but now he has begun to drop the forecastle, and though he is the gayest chap that I ever saw for a lark, yet even our very straight Principal seems to have a tender eye for MacGray. What a yarn he can spin! Eh? Look out, Charley Balch, for your laurels."

"Look out for my laurels? Why, they are gone already. My stories are from books and a dreamy head, whilst his are what he has seen or known," answered Charley.

"How about the club for story-telling, that was proposed some time ago?" now asked Harry Dale, who had taken no part in the foregoing conversation.

"Good lick, Harry," answered Rough; "let's organize and begin now. Let's have six or eight members only, and call it the 'Once Upon a Time Club.'"

Rough, Grant, Hazelteen, Harry Dale, Charley Balch, and I, composed the group, as Harry Dale's proposition was made and assented to. Further discussion added Horace MacGray and another to the names of the club just born.

"Why should not the 'Once Upon a Time Club' have its first session to-night?" I asked.

"When?" several said.

"Why — commence now, and here" — Ding! dong! dong! dingle! dongle! dong! ding! Study hour was called by the bell, that clanged as if the thermometer were at zero instead of eighty; and as Rough scrambled on Grant's back, and we all started across the school yard for the study-hall, Harry Dale suggested that we might have our first meeting on the roof,

after bed hour. Such a clandestine proceeding was just to our taste. "Mum" was to be the word, and we were to meet on the house-top as soon after bed hour as practicable.

At the time the occurrences of this chapter took place, Rough, alone of those good fellows who once shared the northwest corner room with me, remained in the old quarters. The others had been scattered around in different rooms, and Rough and I were left the seniors of No. 4, which otherwise accommodated three very sleepy new boys. Soon after the lights were out in

rooms and halls, the "innocents" — so we had dubbed our room-mates — gave reliable evidences of slumber, one by a soprano snore, another by deep quiet, and the third by mutterings of a dream, in which he twice repeated "Please mother;" to which, when Rough replied maternally, "Oh no, my son, you must stay at school, and mind you remain a good boy, and always be in bed at nine o'clock," I knew it was safe for us to start for our club meeting; so, merely slipping on my pantaloons and slippers, I moved quietly to Rough's bed and took him on my back. Stealing as



noiselessly as possible through the hall, lighted by one long stream of moonlight, and as musical as a bullfrog-swamp with the varied snores from twelve rooms of sleepers, we reached the garret steps, my Rough rider keeping his seat stiffly, and encouraging his steed with whispered jokes. Up we climbed, lifted the door, shut it after us, felt our way tremblingly over the unplastered rafters, and reached the short ladder that led through the scuttle. Up that I could not go mounted, so Rough had to unclasp his arms from my neck and make his way, monkey fashion, up the rounds. We were the last of our club to arrive. There sat the others, squat on the tin, with their backs

against the cupola. "Hi, hi, hi!" they all exclaimed in a subdued, miniature sort of cheer, as we joined the group.

Nothing could be more delightful, or more conducive to story-telling than our situation, — we eight boy-friends, arrayed in half-costume, sitting in the moon-made shadow of the cupola at ten o'clock of that lovely summer night. Our school world, companions and masters, were sleeping beneath us. We could look down on orchard, garden, and playground, so quiet and softened now in the liquid light. The sounds we heard were the peeping, chirruping songs of the tree-toads, the duets of katydids, and the musical utter-

ings of other nocturnal insects, that were all parts of a gently murmuring little chorus of midsummer's night. Sometimes this pleasant, undertoned music, which seemed a low, fairy orchestra to our recitative entertainment, was hushed for the moment by a voice sounding from the village, or harshly and ludicrously interrupted by the caterwauling of those sweet domestic animals that so love to tempt showers of bottles on every moonlit opportunity. It was fascinating to sit there at such an hour, and realize how utterly unguessed at by schoolfellows or schoolmasters was our present position. There was a secrecy and romance about the whole thing that framed our proceedings in a mysterious charm. In fact, it was a situation just suited to delight a boy. Hazelteen had been selected by ballot for the first story, and as he for a few introductory moments thought over what it should be, we fellows said not a word, but let our eyes journey over the far-stretched view of hills and river, that faded in the distance to moonlight alone. "Well, I am ready," said Hazelteen in a low voice, which he was obliged to keep subdued to the same level all through his story, for fear of the sound reaching some restless teacher below, — "I am ready," and we huddled closer to him, as he commenced: — "*Once — upon — a — time* — h-hem —

"My father has a small plantation on the St. John's River. It is not the place where we live; that is near —. The St. John's plantation almost takes care of itself. There are only eleven hands on it, and a head negro "driver" we call such, who is responsible for the work. Father or our overseer goes up there every few days — it is just seventeen miles from home. None of us had ever slept there since father bought the place, because the house is a miserable, melancholy wreck of what had long, long ago been a very fine large residence, Governor —'s, and, though neither father or any of us boys cared for that of course, it was always said to be *haunted*. The house stands on a bluff of the St. John's River, and on the south slope of what is a hill in Florida — merely a little elevation of about twenty-five feet above the surrounding level. It stands near the bluff, which is a perpendicular white sand face. Between the river and the house there is a thick grove of splendid oaks, heavily hung with the graceful, melancholy, gray moss. You fellows who have never been South, can't imagine how grand and solemn those moss-covered oak woods are; but they are very sad — more suitable to be buried in than to live in, I

have always thought. One broad opening to the river gives a view of an impenetrable, dark swamp on the opposite bank, and opens to those passing up or down the river a glance of a long, brown, piazzaed house, with wild, luxuriant vines growing up its sides, and pillars in tangled disorder, a window-sash entirely gone here, a shutter hanging there, the piazza unboarded in places, through which rank weeds and flowers stretch up, the gutter swaying down with weight of dampness, rottenness, and moss, all making up a desolate picture of a neglected, deserted, unfortunate house. On one side of this so-called haunted house, is a dense growth of uncultivated orange-trees, and on the other side what had once been an extensive flower-garden; but when I saw it you could not find a path or border — young trees and vines sprawled over and through a miniature forest of disordered flowers — luxuriant and gorgeous, though growing in such profuse confusion. Back of the house you could with difficulty discover the path through a thicket of all sort of wild saplings, to the clear pine woods, on the other side of which is our neat little plantation settlement of six or eight cabins. The fields for cultivation were beyond those.

"Well, I used often to ride up to the St. John's plantation for a day's shooting. In the oaks all along the river bank, there are lots of cat squirrels and fox squirrels; in the bayoux that make up from the river into the swamp opposite, are ducks in December and January; many dozens of snipe have I shot in the plantation fields; and there are deer enough all through the back country. Oh what grand times I have had on that old place! The only difficulty was that we could never stay there over night, for mother did not want us to sleep in the old mansion-house because it was damp, and open to cold, and perhaps, also, because she did not like us to be alone with none but negroes near us, and right on the river bluff. But how we longed to try a night in the *haunted* house, you can imagine. On those excursions we always had a meal of some kind at old Sanchra's cabin. Sanchra is (unless he has died since I last heard from home) the oldest negro in that part of Florida, and a real African nigger, talking such wonderfully broken, black English, that it is terribly hard to understand him, and his naturally immense figure is so bent and distorted by age, that, as he moves about his cabin, he looks like one of Du Chaillu's gorillas just rising from all-fours. He lives alone, and does no work except shell corn and such light things as he chooses; but he

used to get us up all sorts of strange and very nice dishes when we were there hunting. He, with all the other negroes, had a perfect horror of the big house. Even in the daytime they would not go in nor near it. The others were always ready enough to talk of "de ghose ouse," but never agreed in their stories, which were jumbles of real nigger nonsense. But Sanchra could not be induced to say any thing about it; all that could be got out of him to our persevering questions, was the stereotyped 'Sanchra no talk o' dat — debbil knows nuff; — until one memorable day, early in my last winter at home, when we, Hal Stuart, and my brother John, were chatting with Sanchra just in front of his cabin. Suddenly he pointed with his long lean arm toward the old mansion house, two chimneys of which showed through and above the woods, and as suddenly again the old man turned himself about, with his back to the sight that had startled him. Making some strange gestures, he mumbled words which we could not understand, but supposed to be in his native language. We looked where he had pointed, and saw a great ugly gray bird rising, as it seemed, right out of a chimney-top. I do not know what the bird was, but it looked something like a gigantic bittern, with a long, protruding neck, sharp, crooked wings moved like threatening arms, and body and legs like a witch's taking a leap.

"What can that long, ugly bird have been about in those chimneys?" asked Hal Stuart, in equal astonishment with us. "Just see!" he continued; "does it not look like a horrible human being shaking its arms over the house? — and hear that croaking cry!"

"No look dar — no look dar! Massa Hal! Massa John!" cried out old Sanchra, his back still turned to the rising bird — "dat ghose — farrack" — (I suppose that was the name in his lingo for a spectre) — "debbel bird — come in, Sanchra tell, he shadder you."

"But we did not go in notwithstanding 'Sanchra tell,' and the witch-like bird, after poisoning itself for a moment over the chimney-tops, flew off, with a long hoarse screech, to the river. Then Sanchra turned and called loudly after the disappearing bird, in words unintelligible to us, throwing handfuls of sand in the direction it flew. The old negro was greatly excited; and when his incantation to the departing bird was finished, he sank down on the door-step, still following the 'farrack' with his eyes and indistinct mutterings, until it was lost to sight over the swamp beyond the river.

"That 'farrack' 'debbel bird,' fellows," said John, 'is just nothing more nor less than a very old, long-bodied, turkey-buzzard. Now, Sanchra, why are you such a fool? It does very well for other niggers to act in that way, and tell all sorts of nonsense about the big house there, but come now, tell us what you really do know.'

"The old man only shook his head.

"Well, what have you ever heard or seen, to make you call it a haunted house?"

"He shook his head again and again, but after a few moments of quiet, he answered hesitatingly, — 'Nigger see tuth tings an tell — den farrack cum back, an' few days crow pick nigger bones. Me no tell; black crow not hab Sanchra bones yet. No, no, no, massa; young fool nigger tell, not de ole Aff-kane.' He got shaking his head again, and laughing grimly.

"No matter, Sanchra," I struck in, 'about how the house is haunted, or what you have seen, but tell me the story of *why* it is haunted. You belonged to the old Governor, and have always lived here: what was done that he left that big house to go to ruin?'

"A-r-r-h! A-r-r-h!" (exclamations he made something between an *ah* and a sharp cry of pain) 'bad, bad, bad; but sittee down, yun mas-sas, old Sanchra tell.'

"But, boys, it is no use for me to attempt the story in the way Sanchra told it. We made out what he meant, because we were used to hearing his strange gibberish; but I could n't repeat it, and if I could, you would n't understand half, so to get the facts of it, and these I afterward learned were facts: —

"The Governor and his wife had an only son, who, notwithstanding all their love and care, grew up to be a drinking, gambling, cowardly young man. Every dissipated, selfish, riotous young blood in St. Augustine, or from the plantations about, was his companion. When his parents were in town, this miserable fellow, Gus —, would go off to the plantation, taking with him a set of his favorite associates. When his parents were at the plantation, the poor reckless beast of a son, who seemed without natural affection or a sentiment of right, transferred his orgies to the town. At length, almost heart-broken and in despair because of this son, and yet striving in every way to save him from harm and disgrace, the parents, when the lad was only nineteen, moved away entirely from the plantation, and left it to the habitation of the ruined young man, in the hope that they might thereby save him from the greater dangers and



crimes of a town. They left him there as they might have left him in a mad-house or jail. He, much delighted with this action of his parents, immediately turned the old house into a court of riot. Surrounded by boon companions, he carried on a reign of gambling and drunkenness, while the poor negroes lived in constant fear of their lives. However, the rule of wickedness lasted but a few months. One Christmas time the number of his boon companions was increased, and a course of revelry, wilder than ever before, filled the old house for days and nights with noise and rioting horrible enough to have driven from its once-cheerful hearths and protecting rafters every guardian saint of the past. Over the cards and wine one night, Gus — and one of his guests quarreled. The lie was given, a blow passed, and they were separated. Gus — was a coward, but overcome by rage and crazy with drink, he insisted as fiercely as his adversary on an immediate duel. To this new excitement the companions of the two young men readily acceded, and the arrangements made were that the weapons should be pistols, and that the principals should be left, one at each extremity of the long dining-room, to advance and shoot at pleasure after the others had darkened the room completely, withdrawn themselves, and given a certain signal, which was to be the popping of a champagne cork in the hall. Just imagine the cold-blooded indifference and trifling of such a proceeding: they were laughingly ready to signal the probable death of one or both of their number, by the pop of champagne. Every preparation was quickly made. There was no chance given for reconciliation, nor time for calm thought with either poor victim. One was impatient even of the few minutes. He was mad to take the life of his *host* whom he had helped on in wickedness for years, and whose purse he had lived on for months. But the poor miserable lad, Gus —, came to his senses in the little gasp of time left him. From the frenzy of passion and heat of wine, he fell into the paralysis of abject terror. Yet what could he do in those few moments, whilst the tables and chairs were moved, the pistols loaded, the ashes trampled down on the great open chimney-place, and the candles blown out. He could not escape nor confess his fear, and there was no chance for apology.

"The doors closed, the keys were turned in the locks, and presently there sounded from without the signal for the duelists!

"The companions in the hall were to enter with

lights when two shots had been fired. Each combatant had a double-barreled pistol, and the idea was that when each had had one shot at his adversary, the contest should cease; or that if one fired, killing his adversary without a return shot, he, the survivor, should fire his remaining barrel. Of course, the supposition was naturally that there would be no firing until the parties in the dark room were body to body. Eagerly the eight or ten gentlemanly villains waited to catch some hearing of the fight. There might be a scuffle as the two met in the dark, before they shot. A minute passed; two; three. Ten minutes went by, and yet no noise was heard, save sometimes a step, now slow and hardly audible — as one or the other of the fighters was supposed to steal quietly about the dark chamber in bloody search of his opponent — then loud and quick, as if one sought the other in a rush. No shot. All quiet. Minutes and minutes went by. How strange they could not meet! What did it mean? Suddenly there resounded through the house the report of a pistol. Again deep silence — prolonged from minute to minute. A quarter of an hour must have passed without another sound from the duelists' room except the footsteps, quicker and quicker, louder and louder, of one or of both the adversaries!

"A second report! immediately the men in the hall rushed, each bearing a candle, into the dining-room. Slowly the powder cleared before the lights. In the centre of the scene stood G.'s opponent. As the darkness broke, his eyes quickly and sharply sought the floor on every side, and peered into the corners and remaining shadows for him whom he had slain. He knew he had shot him. He had almost felt his body, and his breath had touched his cheek. There was no return to his shot. He waited — waited. Then he had searched for his prostrate foe, feeling through the blackness. Here and there, following the walls, and then crossing from side to side. 'Where is he?' the survivor tremblingly thought; 'with the report of the pistol I heard him fall, but I have not heard a word — breath — a moan!' He hurried in his search. At length he could bear the mystery and blackness no longer. Trembling from head to foot, he stopped in the darkness and fired his second barrel overhead. The eyes of the incomers had followed those of him who turned in fear and astonishment from side to side of the room, the discharged pistol still held above his head. *No foe remained, dead or alive!*

"The amazement of all the party was tinged with superstition. They broke in a crowd upon

the scene where they had pictured the contest and heard the firing, and here stood one terrified looking man, peering speechlessly and as vainly as they to discover his dead adversary. When practical coolness had recovered its place, the party sought some solution to this mystery. By the doors, Gus — could only have come to those in the hall. By the windows — ah, there was one unfastened, though closed all but a crack. How was it possible for him to have opened that without noise, pushed back the shutter without admitting air and light, got out, and closed all again, unknown to the man who was keenly searching for him in the same room? Impossible, and yet he was gone, and by that way alone was there any means of escape. Immediately, and even in the midnight, the mad party rushed out to search the negro cabins, the swamps, roads, and woods lying near the house. Through the night, and after daylight, the hunt continued, enjoyed, too, by the heartless crew, more than if the prey was a boar or deer. It was their host, their late boon companion, whom they were hunting. When an overseer, who happened to meet them, asked, 'What are you after?' the reply was, 'A coward!'

"The hunt ended without capture of the game. No trace of Gus — was ever discovered; but when investigation of the doings of that night was made, and the confessions of some of the

parties in the affair heard, public opinion decided that the stories of Gus —'s friends were all framed on one concerted falsehood, to hide, probably, the *murder* of their host, and that no doubt they had thrown the body in the river, or buried it secretly. From that day the old house had stood there deserted. As it was left by the rioters, so it remained; the chimneys unwarmed by fire, furniture in disorder, doors ajar, dust and cobwebs on every thing, and inside and outside it looked as if peace and happiness could never make a home there, where the heavy breath of past horrors seemed always to linger.

"Well, when we discovered the whole story of the tragedy that had given our old house the character of haunted, we longed all the more to discover *how* it was haunted; and that Christmas time, a few weeks after Sanchra pointed out the weird, hovering bird to us, we passed, by necessity, a night in the house of horror. You see, we got up a regular hunt, which we were to enjoy on the day before Chris — But halloo, fellows!" said Hazelteen in a changed voice, coming out from the spell, making the rest of us oblivious to every thing but the scenes and incidents on the Florida plantation; "look here, it must be one o'clock. The moon will be down in a moment. Let us break off, and get to bed. I guess the rest of the 'Haunted House' will keep until another night."

VIEUX MOUSTACHE.

[To be concluded.]

### A SONG OF THE WIND.

Come out, you little children,  
As many as may be;  
Come, every one that's fond of fun,  
And run a race with me.

Bring kites, and bring balloons out,  
'Tis I can make them fly;  
For I can send the big clouds  
All scudding round the sky.

And I shall toss your curls up,  
For that is my delight;  
And I shall snatch your hats off —  
You'd better hold them tight.

The cock upon the steeple,  
My will he must obey;

With every kind of people  
I always have my way.

I tickle all the small leaves,  
Till they with laughter shake;  
And I can bend the big trees,  
And bend them till they break.

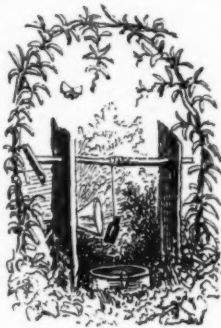
'Twas I sent that old lady,  
One pleasant afternoon,  
Upon a broomstick, nine times  
Up higher than the moon.

Oh! had she not a gay time,  
A riding round the sky?  
If you would like the same chance,  
I'll send you just as high.

MRS. A. M. WELLS.

## WHAT I USED TO DO WHEN I WAS A LITTLE GIRL.

WHEN I was a little girl I lived in a pretty country place, with my sisters and brother, and, of course, my father and mother. We had a garden and an orchard, and stables, and a long green lane leading to a pasture for the cows; and every evening when Peter went to call the cows home to be milked, we children would climb up and sit in a row on the fence of the back garden, imitating him as he called, "So, Sukey, cò, cò, cò!" — and thought we helped very much indeed. We had each of us a little garden where we dug and raked and planted, and dug the seeds up to see if the roots were growing; and in mine was a little well, which I made myself, and of which I was very proud. It was made of a large oyster-can with a hole in the top, and it was sunk into the earth. A pair of posts (split from shingles) were driven into the ground on each side of the can, and a cross-piece went through two holes at the top of the posts, furnished with a handle at one end, and a bottle and string in the middle, by way of bucket and chain (here is a picture of it); and a hoop stuck into the ground made a sort of an arbor to train a cypress vine upon. Whenever I wished to water my garden, it was necessary to bring from the house a watering-pot full of water, and fill the well, and then draw the water out by means of the bucket, which held about three thimblefuls. But that only made it the greater fun, of course.



My sisters were named Bride and Madge and little Dot; and Tom was the baby and only brother. We had quite a number of animals upon the place, — horses and colts and cows; pigs, chickens, and pigeons; dogs and cats, and, as Tommy used to add, "wats" too! So when we were out-of-doors we had plenty to play with. But though children never like rain, rain it must sometimes; and on wet days we were all turned together into a big nursery, with all sorts of toys to play with, and allowed to make all the noise we pleased. Being girls, of course we loved our dolls best of all, but we were not at all particular as to what our dolls were made of. I scarcely

think any mother loves her baby much more than I loved an old purple cloak pinned into a bunch, which slept in my arms all one winter under the title of my little daughter Fanny! Then Madge and I came into possession of a couple of little painted wooden chairs, such as you have often seen; and these we converted into our little sons, and tried to find pretty names for them. While we were still pondering the matter, we went into mamma's room one day, and found her mixing a terrible black dose for Bride (whose long name is Bridget). Poor Bride was making wry faces at the prospect, and we were immediately deeply interested. "What is it, Mamma? What is the name of that horrid stuff in the bottle? Tell us, Mamma!" we clamored. "Run away, children," she said. "Your sister is not very well, and is going to swallow this like a brave child." — "But what is it, Mamma?" — "It's *piera*, children, *piera*. Now run out of the room." Away we ran, seized by a simultaneous resolve. "Madge," said I, "*Pikery* is a very pretty name, and I mean to" — "I mean to call my little chair *Pikery*," she burst in, before I could finish my sentence. "No," said I, "I spoke first. I was just going to say the same thing." — "But I *said* it first," said Madge. — "But that is n't fair. You interrupted me, and that is very rude. Papa says so." — "I don't care," replied Madge; "I am going to call my little boy *Pikery*, and you can call yours John, after Papa." Well, that was next best, and so thus it was settled, after, I am sorry to say, a little quarrel, in spite of Dr. Watts!

How we loved those little boys! — chairs, I mean — and how we dragged them after us wherever we went, knocking the paint off the doors and wainscots, and making no end of a clatter! We dressed them in neat little checked aprons, and put on bibs at meal-times; and it was not until we were too tired to stand any longer that we put them to their original use by sitting in their laps. I remember that we were much grieved that we could not make any kind of a hat fit them, not even a sun-bonnet; but you will see for yourselves how impossible it was from this picture.



I must have been several years older when I made my baby-house on two shelves in the nursery closet, and made all the furniture with my own hands. It is a great deal better fun than to have your mother buy every thing for you; and so you, my dear young friends, will find if you try it. I dare say you all know how to cut chairs out of stiff cards, and paste on ribbon for seat-covers, and make a pretty little work-table out of a large empty spool. But I remember a kitchen stove and a parlor grate which I made, which were real efforts of genius! and my six rooms were as pretty in themselves and more satisfactory to me than if somebody had gone to a fair and bought me a doll-house all complete. These rooms were inhabited by quite a family. There was a cook and a nurse, a mother and baby and two little girls, and a young lady aunt, who was so lovely in our eyes that we never could find any name charming enough to suit her, so we called her *Sister*. Sister had more pretty clothes than you would believe, and was always so smiling and good-humored that we loved her better and better every day. She was cut out of a card, as were all the other dolls, and her face was painted with bright blue eyes and red cheeks, and a very high forehead and very small mouth, and she was our model of beauty! There was a Papa also who belonged to the house, but we generally played that he had gone to New York on business, for he was a very unsatisfactory head of the family indeed. I will tell you why. We could n't make him out of a card, because we did not understand how to cut out gentlemen's paper clothes; and so we took the only thing resembling a man that we could find. He was cut out of a tailor's fashion-plate, and was a very fine figure of a man indeed, only he was nearly an inch too long, and was unfortunately drawn in profile. Now you will easily see that he never looked at home. He did not sit down gracefully on the chairs, which were too small for him. He could not put his legs under the dining-room table, and we felt that even Sister, who was so sweet tempered, would be made uncomfortable, if the profile form of a gentleman, who never took off his hat, or laid down his cane, were always to be doubled up on the parlor sofa, and his knees stick out even then! So the husband was always in New York, and the family had frequent letters from him, which did just as well.

Now you understand, I am sure, that the great fun in all this was the play that they were real persons, and the romancing about their imaginary lives. And this brings me to what I was going

to tell you about next, and ask you about, too; for it is long since I watched the ways of a family of children, and they may be quite different nowadays. What we liked best of all our plays was what we called *pretending*. We lived in a little dream-life of our own, and acted the scenes of our miniature drama with the keenest relish. Every night, for instance, when we went to bed, we would carry with us a large box full of old laces and ribbons, and after tying them around our heads, necks, wrists, waists, and ankles, and adorning ourselves somewhat like wild Indians, we would vault upon the foot-board, and take a gallop on horseback! Then Bride would throw herself upon the bolster, which was supposed to be a throne, and say, "I'm going to pretend that I am a beautiful princess, the most beautiful princess in the world, and the richest and the most graceful. I came to the ball on a snow-white horse. I threw the reins to my groom, alighted with a nimble spring from my saddle, and, entering the house, seated myself upon a couch." (This she repeated *verbatim* out of an old fairy book.) Then I would take up the word. "I'm going to pretend that I am a princess, too. I am beautifuller than the most beautiful, richer than the richest, and gracefuller than the most graceful!"—"But you *can't* be," Bride would cry. "It's impossible to be *more* beautiful than the *most* beautiful!"—"Anyhow, I pretend that I am prettier than you," would be my final rejoinder. Our princesses were very great ladies indeed. I remember that my kingly father was supposed to own a *whole lake of cologne water*, where we could fill our bottles every day; and we always lived on an island, which I believe every child thinks would be the summit of bliss.

On Sunday afternoons we were to keep quiet and read good books, and play no games. So Bride offered to hold a little Sunday-school, and Mamma, thinking it would be a nice, quiet plan, gave her consent. But as we pretended that we lived in India, of course it was necessary to go to the Sunday-school, which was many miles off, on the backs of our tame white elephants, and seated upon a roomy, cushioned howdah. So down went all the chairs on their knees; off came the pillows from the beds, and were strapped on to the elephants' backs; up we climbed, and away we cantered in fine style! Sometimes by sad mischance we were thrown over the heads of the vicious beasts, for a chair is not quite a quadruped when it is tipped over in that way, and is not a very steady animal. It would take us so long to reach the settlement where the Sunday-school



was held, and we made so much noise on the journey, that Mamma would be roused from her nap, and come in with reproving face, — "Children, what is all this? I think you forget what day it is! Don't you know that you should not play on Sunday?" — "But, dear Mamma, we are only playing going to Sunday-school, only this is India, and these are the elephants!" I remember to this day the amused expression of mother's face as she looked into our eager little eyes, and had n't the heart to scold us. She must have thought us a queer little set, and so perhaps we were; but what I want to ask of the young folks is this: Are children the same now? Do they still live in their little fancies, and dream their little dreams, and half forget their identity in their various personations? Are they any wiser, any steadier, any more practical nowadays? I have a strong suspicion, but I do not really know! And so when my own little darling toddles up for a "tory," and, nestling in my lap, asks, "What

oosed you to do when you was a little girl?" I tell her about my pony, and the three black kittens in the garret, and the lame dog, and the sick dolly who melted her wax nose off by the fire, and all my real things, but I let my dream-land alone. And yet even now her sweet blue eyes are full of dreams.

M. C.



## BOOKS FOR YOUNG PEOPLE.

## VII.

WITH the fresh, unplanted sea full before us, let us for one month forget the names of books, old or new, and indulge in some visionary glimpses at the future of literature for children in America. There is a breeze blowing from the ocean that stirs one's blood, and makes one more eager to venture out on that blue water, than to turn back upon the flat, tilled country.

Whoever looks inland upon American literature, finds that there has been little exercise of pure imagination, still less of that light fancy which is the play of the soul. In the lower region of practical service there have been frequent flights, swift and strong; the drugged sleep of national life has been dissipated in part by the new impulses that were shot along the veins by the summons of poet and romancer; but there is a higher region, from which national boundaries are seen indistinctly, where imagination rules, not serves; exists to create, not creates in order to keep alive. The products of national life in our literature which we esteem most highly, being for the most part produced for a set purpose, and prompted by special needs, will gradually be lost sight of as higher waves obliterate old landmarks of social and political life. They will take their place as

exponents of certain phases of life, certain changes in history, and be valued for what they show, not for what they are. Of the higher growth, whose winged seeds fly away above the face of the earth, we may hesitate to say that we have any thing to show in our literature.

Whatever may be in store for us, of this we may be certain, that any product of pure imagination which shall withstand the shock and the more silent processes of change in national life, will equally overpass the limitations of national boundaries and at once assert perfect freedom for itself. We sigh for a national literature, and wish hopelessly for a new Homer or Shakespeare of Western growth — for what purpose? That we might put him into our national cage and show him off to the world as a product of American Democratic life! We should discover to our dismay that the highest attribute of our new poet was his uncageableness.

But leaving these unattainable things, what is there of genetic power of a humbler sort in our literature? how much has been piped upon slender reeds, but piped because the piper must, not because he chose? Reckon as we may, the barren truth remains that our country, as regards

its immaterial needs, has been in a starving condition, kept alive almost entirely by foreign relief. But there is and ought to be a preference for our own productions, and again and again we have looked wistfully, not to the horizon for the foreign ship that has signaled, however well freighted, but to our own rough fields, hoping in a faint way to find there the true grain.

It is something if we know our needs; there is the darker aspect, easily enough noted, of indifference to any literature which aims at satisfying more than what are called the needs of every-day life, — an indifference which is quite content with science falsely so called, and thinks a steam-engine poetry in a new form.

We think we see the beginning of better days. We have spoken before of the sudden impulse which has been given of late years to literature for children, — a distinctive class of writings coming into existence for the first time in human history, — books designed to be read by children only. What is all this, whether in England or America, but human instinct for the highest things defeating human pride in the lower? Nay, it is the hand of God, grasping the pillars of our material temple, just when we are most ready to mock at His presence. Let us not be misunderstood. The birth and growth of a special literature for the young is the result of a reaction from the tendencies of modern literature. Just as the tired father, jangled with the disturbances of his day's toil, flees for refuge to his prattling children and finds an inexpressible soothing in their free nature; so, weary with the push, the sweat, the burden of a literature which believes in no atmosphere that cannot be weighed and measured, men have begun to turn to what children read, hoping to find there more faith in what is above the mean faculty of understanding. The fairy tales which the world carelessly tossed aside to children's keeping, it now eagerly recovers for its own delight, and begins to learn by what it has lost that the Lord's words, "Except ye be converted, and become as little children, ye shall not enter into the kingdom of heaven," is written over the entrance way to whatever is eternal, — heavenly.

Childhood is the stronghold of imagination, and from this fortress it shall never be driven. Into it it has been forced back, but out of it it is perpetually reissuing, freshly prepared for new sovereignty. It is true that what has been produced under the name of books for children, has many times been the work of men hardened into disbelief of spiritual verities, and many hard, unchildlike books are esteemed good for children; yet it remains true also that there is on this ground a healthy spring which cannot long be choked. To-day the hope of excellent things in American literature lies largely in what is doing for children. They constitute the eternal audience, and he who would speak for all time and all places, has here his finest opportunity for practice. The ballads of England, the stories of Chaucer, the dreams of Spenser, the creations of Shakespeare, are expression of the childhood and youth of England; German literature of the great period takes on mainly the same form, as it is possessed essentially of the same spirit; and children in America are more akin in their feelings with these productions than are the mighty and wise of the earth. "I will write for my ancestors," said Lamb, chafing at some petty proprieties of a hollow society, and here in this audience of children one may find Homer's contemporaries. The young man in our country to-day, who, feeling the stirring of imagination in him, shall address himself to children, has in this the surest prospect of immortality; for he will find himself at once in a circle of listeners that will not doubt his most beautiful dreams. The heaven in which at times he dwells is only half believed in among his fellow-men: it is the native place of children. He will gain strength from the consciousness of their appreciation, and will be winged for bolder flights thereafter.

In these thoughts we have struck at the higher truth; the lower is included, and we say with less likelihood of being questioned, that there is no preparation for excellence in any department of literature so sure as that formed by an honest effort at gaining and holding first an audience of children.

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#### QUERY FOR YOUNG SAGES.

A line of stage-coaches runs between A and B, and it takes seven days to make the journey. How many coaches will each coach meet

in going from A to B? and what is the least number of coaches that the company can employ?

Bessie Mc. Knight

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M 70 U



A cat came flitting out of a bara,  
 With a pair of bagpipes under her arm;  
 She could sing nothing but "Fiddle-de-dee,  
 The mouse has married the bumble-bee."